

# ZION'S HERALD.

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# ZION'S HERALD.

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## "DO YOU LOVE ME?"

BY REV. W. W. MARSH.

"Do you love me, papa, do you?"  
But I pause not now to hear;  
And my pen but speeds the faster,  
As the low voice strikes my ear.  
"Do you love me, papa, do you?"  
Come the eager plea again;  
And the clear voice, plaintive quiver  
Bears an undertone of pain.  
Frank blue eyes are full upon me;  
Tender mouth, so soft and red;  
Golden locks like autumn sunshine  
Round the little shaven head;  
And a loving, wistful longing  
On the upturned baby face;  
All the while, the dimpled fingers  
Fondle mine, with baby grace.  
"Do you love me?" "Precious darling!"  
And I find the pen away;  
As I clasp the breathing sunbeam  
That is shining 'round my day;  
Yes, I love each curve and dimple;  
But thro' every passing whim  
Glad I trace thy warm heart's loving,  
Welling upward like a hymn.  
So I hold thee close, and, musing,  
Read for thee the hours to come;  
And I care not in my dreaming,  
Though the oracles are dumb.  
Little maiden, in thy loving  
Wait for thee a world of bliss;  
And the sunshine of thy spirit  
Shall find heaven in a kiss.  
Love-lined nests shall give thee shelter;  
Only, oh, they last for aye;  
Thou shalt find these fondle idols;  
God forbid they prove but clay!  
Oh, that thou wert all mine and loving,  
God would keep thee to-day;  
So, thy rose-bud world about thee,  
Youth might flit, but peace would stay.  
Ducksport, Oct. 26, 1876.

## NO. 1 PRINCE STREET.

BY REV. MARK TRAFONT, D. D.

The old *habitudes* of North End would say "New Prince Street," for originally Prince Street extended from Hanover to Commercial Street near Charlestown bridge, or the "ferry" as it then was. Possibly some sort of a lane opened into North Square from Hanover Street, or on said street was a continuous line of buildings from Fleet to Richmond Streets; but, be that as it may, Prince Street now extends from North Square to the Charlestown bridge.  
Passing north on Hanover Street, the pedestrian, to find No. 1 Prince Street, the scene of our present story, strikes Prince next after passing Richmond, and turning short to the right and across North Square, sees confronting him the old Bethel church, the scene of Father Taylor's forty years of toil and triumph. There it stands in its solitary seclusion. Originally it was thought to be a marvel of architectural beauty, but it looks now, among other churches, like a plain country lass in hoops among the fashionable "pull-backs" on Summer Street, on a pleasant afternoon in June. There it stands, with its three granite-capped doors, its square tower with a flag-staff in the centre, from which the stars and stripes float on the Sabbath, and a large window in the gable lighting a hall in the attic, formerly used as a sail-loft, but now as a store-house for the debris of broken households, among which I saw, the other day, some broken furniture from Father Taylor's old home; among other relics, his single-keyed old flute, now cracked and tuneless—and said that that voice now hushed, which for half a century charmed and enthralled listening thousands.  
As I stood in the old pulpit so recently, there came back to me in startling freshness the picture of a Sabbath I spent in the old church forty-three years since. In the quietness of the old church, it seemed the height of romance to think of North Square as the grand centre of attraction in Boston society only forty years since.  
The celebrated Channing might preach in Federal Street, and the senior

Beecher in Park, and Bishop Griswold in old Trinity; still the morning of the Sabbath would witness masses of people eagerly wending their way, on foot and in elegant equipages, to old North Square, and crowding into this unpretentious church with the stars and stripes proudly floating from its turret. Judges and barristers came, merchants and mariners, poets to be charmed, and play-actors to improve their art. Strangers who did not visit North Square would hesitate to say they had seen Boston. But what was the attraction which thus irresistibly drew the throng to this point? Not the locality, for it had not the charm of the Common, or Fort Hill with its palatial residences and splendid gardens; not the edifice, for it was and is plain as a Quaker meeting-house. It was the child of nature, not culture, who Sabbath after Sabbath for years held enthralled the listening crowd who, under the spell of that native eloquence, took no note of time—"Edward T. Taylor," "Father Taylor," "the sailor preacher," a name pronounced in every part of the world where commerce plies her trade, or science prosecutes research; and always spoken of tenderly and with filial love.

The charm of this wonderful man was not in the art of the rhetorician. He had not, when he commenced his work, "so much as heard whether there be any" rhetoric; not in studied tricks or clap-trap—everything of that kind was his utter scorn. It was in him, as lightning in the cloud, and when it came it struck somewhere. Nothing low, out of taste, or vulgar; he was always chaste, classic, and choice in his utterances. It is wonderful that a man with so little of mental culture, owing nothing to the schools, should, nevertheless, come up to, and often surpass, the conditions of the art of successful oratory. He was severely logical, and yet, perhaps, could not define a syllogism. He was a master in rhetoric, yet ignorant of its rules. His good, strong common sense and innate sense of propriety seemed to be his great strength. It was in him, we repeat, "What would he have been had he been educated?" was often asked. I answer, nothing—or, what Sampson was after his locks were lost. I make no reflection on education; but *genius*, like Father Taylor, would be cramped and bound by rules and prescribed methods. There is all the difference between native genius and force, and educated power, that there is between free, native lightning, and lightning in harness; the last slips silently along the prescribed wire, whispering words of love or menace, calmly reading off its allotted task; the first bursts from the cloud in its terrible energy and stirs things. A little rough it may be at times, and hard on weak nerves, but it is like lightning. The finest poetry ever penned was conceived and written without a knowledge of the rules of the poetic art; and logic and rhetoric are based upon the forensic productions of orators who never heard of the rules for public speaking. They made the rules and found the model themselves. But we are slow in reaching our destination, and our story.

It is a beautiful morning in June, and the Sabbath. The bells are pealing out their call to worship, and clear and distinct above all are the sweet chiming of Christ Church in Salem Street. For a long time groups of people have been gathered in the square waiting the opening of the doors. Now they are pouring in. Hundreds of seamen in their clean Sunday outfit are filling the body of the church, always reserved for "my boys." Carriage after carriage rolls up to the door, discharges its occupants, and leaves. The bells are still calling, "come, come," and still the crowd pour in. The galleries are crowded. Away in the rear, behind the organ, is a mass of eager, dark, brown—colored seamen, who eat and sleep in the fore-castle with their white brethren, rattle up the shrouds, lay out on the tumbling yards to "reef" and "hand" in a gale of wind; but this is not a ship, it is a church! There they sit, thankful for the crumbs. The bells are, one after another, ceasing to toll, yet still the people are crowding in. Every seat is occupied, and still they come.

There's a hush—no sound but the rustle of scores of fans held by jeweled fingers. It is half past ten by the clock; expectation is at its height; the suspense is almost painful. There he comes—a rather short, snugly-built man, his body well thrown back, so that he comes down hard upon his heels, an indication of confidence and command. What a head! Large behind his ears—he can put himself in motion without extraneous stimulants. There his forehead is splendid—not high, but broad and full. See his identity—there's his poetic fund. Full above his eyes—he sees things without a microscope. His glasses are thrown back upon the top of his head

as if to get a good look aloft. Following him is his wonderful wife. Tall and queenly in her bearing, she would grace a queen's drawing-room. I venerate and bow to her shade as I write. He bows her into her slip on the right of the pulpit (he was the perfection of courtly manners), and now ascends the pulpit, and kneels for a moment's silent prayer. Then, leaning on his left arm, resting on the Bible, he casts a rapid glance over the immense sea of upturned faces. He is at home now in the presence of "his boys." One can easily imagine him in the character of a commodore on his quarter-deck taking a survey of the ship from deck to truck, and would not be surprised to hear him sing out, "Give a pull on your lee braces there! Lay her up sharp into the wind! Steady, so!" He sees some seamen who were late, standing in the aisle, and calls out, "Make way there for the jewels of the world! Give them seats, sexton." "Here, Jack," he sings out, "come up and sit in these chairs in front, no place is too good for you." And so he clears the deck for action, and, all hushed, he announces the hymn. He doesn't read it, he recites it; and his fine, poetic taste enables him to enter into the very spirit of the writer. You think you never read that hymn before. Then he reads the Scriptures. Look, he has taken the Book up on his left arm, and with the forefinger of his right hand he points to the text, running the finger on as he reads distinctly the text. It is a letter from home to "his boys," and he is in the fore-castle reading it to them in the "watch below." How eagerly they listen, bending forward to catch every word.

His audience, remember, are the rough sons of the ocean massed before him; the richly dressed and intelligent crowds on either hand, and in the galleries, are a sort of a side issue, content with the crumbs from Jack's table. But what crumbs were they, to be sure! No whole loaves on any other Church table in Boston equalled them. Many a rap the fashionable follies and outbreathing sins of shore-life have been ceived over the shoulders of "poor Jack." These fanciful "land-lubbers" were often brought up with a "round turn," to Jack's great amusement.  
But mark, how he trembles! Is he embarrassed? Is he fearful? He is no coward; he could coolly work his gun in the blaze and thunder of a fight, "yard-arm to yard-arm," or, pike in hand, lead a boarding party; and yet this mighty man, standing in that presence, shakes like an aspen. This prince of orators was naturally diffident to a painful degree, and the effort made to overcome it often carried him to the borders of audacity and apparent indifference to the presence of his auditory. No man was more sensitive to praise or blame, none more different to the feelings of his hearers.

He kneels for the prayer—how still it is! Fans are closed, heads bowed, hands clasped. All the writer remembers with any distinctness of that prayer are the opening words, "Our Father." After it was over, I remembered only a confused maze of wonders. I was a child; mother was dead; the home was closed; I was a wanderer; was at sea; wrecked; drowned; cast upon shore; somebody picked me up; the patrons of the Port Society took me in and nursed me into a new life; put a Bible into my hands and started me out on a new voyage. I heard sobbings in the congregation, and often loud "amens" and "glory to God," from overflowing hearts. It was wonderful, overpowering!

Then came the sermon, if that may be called a sermon which came not within hail of any system of homiletics ever heard of, and yet, if judged by its effects, was a sermon such as no other man could preach. It is over forty years since I heard it, and its echo is not yet out of my ears. The text was John vii, 51: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, if a man keep My saying he shall never see death." It was a memorial discourse for some prominent patron of the Port Society, a merchant by the name of Perkins, I think, but am not sure.

To say he held his hearers rapt and spell-bound, is saying but little; but it was when he came to speak of the departed friend of neglected sailors—remember them in the night when they were on the ocean on their lonely watch, or reefing sail in a gale of wind, or on a lee shore with breakers all around them, thinking of them and praying for them—that his amazing power appeared. "But he's gone—our friend is gone, but without seeing death," and now he takes us all on the wings of his imagination up above the blue ether to see him enter the portal of glory. It was terrific! No of no other word fitting into that place. But I became anxious about the descent—how will he let us down without a shock? But he was equal to the occasion. Suddenly pausing, and turning about so as to face me, he

looked steadily at me for what seemed to me an hour, his eyes literally blazing, as they would blaze when he was greatly excited. I was amazed, alarmed. Had I unconsciously uttered some word in my excitement which had offended him? I wonder, now it is over, that I hadn't cried out, "I didn't!" It was but a few seconds, when he quietly said, "Brother, may you have Paul's eyes, and never see death."

It was all over—we were all in North Square, and none at all injured. I doubt if a dry eye was in that whole assembly. Prayer and the benediction, and we went out; but I thought I could never again attempt to speak in public. How tame for a long time to me was ordinary preaching, and reading sermons. Well, don't mention it in this recalled presence.

But No. 1 Prince Street—we have been a long time in reaching it, as, when we started, we had little thought of going through the old church to reach it. Just across the square, on the corner of Prince and Moon Streets, stands the old house, for forty years the home of this immortal old hero. There, with his incomparable wife, he lived; there their children were born, and there four of them were married by "father."

When he was carried out, the house was sold, and was bought by an Irish woman, and, it was reported, would be opened as a rum-shop. Father Taylor's house! I remember to have gone there, when I heard of it, and, standing on the opposite side of the street, long and silently gazed upon the desecrated relic, while tears ran down my cheeks, as the associations of thirty years rolled over my soul.

But the Port Society came to themselves, repurchased it, and it became the home of Rev. George Noyes, who died there. It is now occupied by Rev. C. L. Eastman, the present chaplain of the Society. Let us go in. You notice a storm-door flush with the side-walk, the main door being in a recess, so that it is reached by two or three steps. Some years since the family decided on a storm-door. "No!" said the master, as he imagined himself to be, "no; no storm-doors on my house; when I open my door I want to be out of doors, in the air, and not go feeling my way down the steps to find another door to run against. No! flush decks and free outlet for me." But the girls had risen, and a storm-door was decided upon. A carpenter was called when the commodore was somewhere ashore, the dimensions taken, and it was to be all done, painted, and ready to ship at a moment's notice. Then the old admiral was enticed to spend the afternoon ashore with some friends who were instructed to detain him until evening had set in. The carpenter was notified, and the door was in its place. Darkness came, and with it Father Taylor. Imagine him turning the corner under full sail, muttering to himself, as was his habit; but he was under such headway, that, seeing no familiar port, he neglected to luff, and shot clean by into the square. "How's this?" he said, as he brought up all standing against the opposite corner, "Where's my house?" He put his helm hard down, came up into the wind, filled, and bore away again, keeping the light on Hanover Street sharp on his port bow, but still he failed to make the harbor, and ran half way out to Hanover Street.

There were four or five pairs of bright eyes watching him with half-suppressed laughter. Again he "goes about," and carefully watches the shore for the familiar inlet, but none is to be seen. He is befogged, lost. He halts a patrolman: "Here, watchman, do you know where I live?" "Oh, yes, Father Taylor, you live at No. 1 Prince Street." "Yes, I know that, but where is my house? That's what I want to know." "Why, there, right before you, on the corner." "I know," said the bewildered old man, "but the door's gone." The watchman steps up, pulls open the storm-door, and lo! the old, familiar entrance met his gaze. He inserts his latch-key, enters, and with him a tempest which no storm-door ever constructed could bar out. A half-dozen nimble feet went up the stairs in hot haste, while the storm raged below. It was soon over, and no damage done, as a hand was gently laid upon his shoulder, and a soft voice simply said, "Edward!" The old door still swings upon its hinges, while they are both safely landed on the other shore. I look up, as I write, upon his face, over my table, and his lips seem to murmur, "All right, my boy, all right!"

But the old house we came down to see. Few persons are aware that this house occupies the site of the mansion of the first governor of Massachusetts colony—Winthrop, was it?—and that on the opposite corner stood the residence of that immortal man, Cotton Mather. The ground is, therefore, historic; and when those old wooden structures were taken down, the timber (oak), cut, doubtless, on the spot, was worked into this house of Father Tay-

lor. I went into the cellar the other day to look at the floor timbers. There they hang, nearly a foot square, solid oak, and black with age—timbers that had trembled under the divine and the soldier, and which shook with the thunders of the battle of Bunker Hill. It is told me that when the house was prepared for the introduction of water, so hard were these timbers that scarcely an auger could be found to cut them; and so many were broken, that the workmen beat "our army in Flanders" in unnecessary expletives.

In this year of Centennial recollections, it may be interesting to the readers of this to go down and look at No. 1 Prince Street among the interesting sights in Boston. Do not fear to pull the bell; you will meet a smiling welcome from a lineal descendant of the Rev. Cotton Mather; not a shadowy ghost, nor painted canvas, but the estimable wife of the present Port chaplain, Mrs. Rev. C. L. Eastman.

## EXTRA CLASS-ROOM WORK.

BY REV. S. R. DENNEN, D. D.

The study of one's class must be prosecuted outside the class-room. The pedigree of children is quite as important as the pedigree of animals, and has much to do with their future. It is necessary to study the books of the Bible in their historical connections, to know the customs and costumes of the people, their social and home life, before we can intelligently teach them. So it is necessary to study our class in their homes and social surroundings; the influences to which they are exposed; the elements which color and affect their outward lives and the formation of character, in order to fit our instruction to them and to command all the approaches to their hearts. We must not only sow our seed, but watch its springing and growth, and see what fowls of the air, what evil companions, what home influences, snatch it away, or strangle it and hinder its growth. To a boy one must become as a boy to win the boys; to a girl as a girl to win the girls. Drop in upon your class in their homes and places of business; learn their trials and temptations, that you may become a ministering angel to them; pick up every little thread of personal history possible, and learn every secret entrance to their affections and confidence. Ah, what power one may get over a young mind and heart in this way! He comes soon to command every key, and can bring forth such music as he pleases, rendering the psalm of life in such strains as Handel and Beethoven never mastered. It is said of one of the ancient masters, that he became the manufacturer of the instrument he used, carefully studying every part of its mechanism. So must we study, in class-room and out of it, those wondrous harps of a thousand strings—the immortal souls we seek to save and mould for Christ.

May I indulge in a bit of personal experience? I am not pointing a road which has not been many times traveled before. While in the seminary I gathered a class of eight. I prepared myself as carefully to meet them as for any service I have since rendered. Having no house of my own, I met them at the homes of each in turn. Some of them were pronounced Universalists, some were pleasure lovers, some utterly indifferent. Once in possession of their personal history and peculiar sentiments, the teaching was made to fit each case, as various turns came up in the lessons. As a result, under God, the whole eight stood up together, and on the same day confessed the Lord Jesus Christ before men. Some still adorn their profession on earth; some are of that number that worship in the upper temple. I hope to meet them all in the great school-room above. I sometimes hunger for just such work again. It is your high privilege, dear teachers, to be still in it.

There is one step more, a holy of holies, into which the true teacher will reverently and lovingly seek to enter. We may meet our class in the school session, in their homes and ours, around our own table; we may write them notes, steeped in prayer and stained with our tears, yet we do not know them. There is a secret life behind all this we have not mastered. We never enter this inner *penetrata* save by personal communion, when hand grasps hand, and eye looks straight into eye, and heart embraces heart, until we sit down by the side of our pupil and learn his or her state of mind, and tenderly plead with each to become a follower of Jesus.

Such intercourse is peculiarly valuable to a young person in that period of life, the most critical and dangerous of all, just as childhood begins to open out into young manhood and womanhood; when every sense is keenly alive; when the young man or woman becomes reticent and shy and sensitive. It is then they need just such a friend as every wise Sabbath-school teacher will strive to become. To fail

here is, oftentimes, to fail in all. It is the last link needed to bind the soul once more to God. It is the last foot of the cable that connects it with the Throne and completes the circuit, when the telegram is sent from the King—"thy sins are forgiven thee."

Let me urge upon all Sabbath-school teachers this personal contact with their scholars. Many go from our schools unsaved. Many live on and die at last in their sins, because no teacher cared enough for their souls to press the choice of Christ personally upon them. There are many in our schools, some of whom you will meet, dear teachers, next Sabbath, whose hearts are tender, and whom a kind, personal word would carry over into the arms of Jesus.

During a season of special interest, a young lady of fine culture and personal charms was the only member of a large class that remained unconverted. Her teacher was much moved, and went to her pastor on her behalf. They agreed to pray together at a certain hour each day for her conversion. Others were enlisted in the same effort. Weeks passed; she remained seemingly as unmoved as ever. After a little, as the interest began to wane, her teacher could stand it no longer, but went to Mary, sought a private interview with her, sat down by her side, took her hands in hers, and, with eyes full of tears and a voice full of tenderness, told her how much she loved her, and longed for her salvation. Mary, deeply moved, said, "Why did you not come before? How I have longed for just such a talk as this! I am seeking Jesus." Oh, how many, whom we little suspect, long, yes, even hunger for some one who, like John the Baptist, will point them to the Lamb of God! Let us seek them out in all our classes through the coming fall and winter. Why raise fruit unless you pick it? It is this hand-picking which harvests and houses the souls committed to our culture. Never forget the teacher's pastoral work.

## SUNG INTO HEAVEN.

On one of the bright mornings this autumn, a lady called to visit some of the patients in the Consumptive's Home, Dorchester, and, sitting for a few minutes in one of the rooms, she heard the soft, sweet music of two lady voices, one soprano and the other alto, singing in an adjoining room by the bedside of a young colored girl, the familiar hymn,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the waters near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high."

She sat entranced and listened. All else was still; nothing was heard save these voices, pensive, yet full of hope and cheer. She had known the colored girl, but not knowing that she was any sicker than usual, she passed into other rooms, visiting other patients.

The last person she visited before she left asked her if she knew the little colored girl who was dead. She answered that she did not. She said she had just been carried down stairs, having died since the music was heard. This explained the heavenly music. The little girl loved the Saviour, and the last words she wrote a friend were, "I am still looking up into my Father's face."

Those human friends, the hovering angels, Jesus himself were there. It was more glorious than Elijah's chariot of fire. Before the sweet harmony of

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"  
reached the skies, her redeemed spirit took its flight. Like a sick and weary child, she was sung to sleep—sung into heaven.  
D. E. S.

## LETTER FROM CHICAGO.

MR. MOODY'S MEETINGS.

Chicago, despite the intense political excitement of the past week, has, nevertheless, found time to attend upon the means of grace which these meetings so largely provide. Mr. Moody's visit to this his old home seems most providential. His town's-people have provided for his better accommodation the spacious proportions of the Tabernacle, with a seating capacity of from eight to ten thousand. This building, situated at the corner of Monroe and — Streets, is transformed from what was intended to be a block of stores. Only two stories are completed, and as you enter the main entrance, you go down a short flight of stairs in order to reach the main floor. The galleries are reached by ascending a similar stair-case. The seating consist of wooden chairs which are securely fastened to the floor. The gallery extends around three sides, and the seats are elevated like those of an amphitheatre. The chorus occupy the platform behind the speaker, while ministers, members of the press, etc., have each their appropriate place. On either side of the preacher's stand are inquiry-rooms which are invariably crowded with seekers after a religious life. Suggestive and appropriate passages of Scripture adorn the front wall and facings of the galleries, toward which the attention is at once drawn. Mr. Moody with his small organ, and Mr. Moody with his simple music-rack as a pulpit, occupy the front of the platform which is shut in by a wooden railing. The appointments of the Tabernacle are severely plain, but the law of acoustics has been so carefully regarded, that Mr. Moody can be distinctly heard at his farthest limit.

As the hour for service approaches, you cannot but be impressed with the throngs of people, young and old, rich and poor, black and white, threading the thoroughfares leading to the place of worship. All seem intent upon some absorbing work. Something is to be done, which ought not and cannot be neglected. A look of anxious expectancy pervades all countenances, born, perhaps, partly of curiosity; but let us rather believe, is indicative of their soul's pressing need.

Once within the building, you find thousands have preceded you. Scarcely a forty minutes before the service will commence. Through the kindly services of gentlemen, every one is seated in some remote corner [at last obtained]; and while your ears are charmed and your heart comforted by the sweet singing of the choir, which always precedes the regular service, you look about striving to vaguely comprehend what sweet influence has called so many from the busy ranks of bustling Western life into this religious retreat. In spite of the thousand present, nothing unharmonious interrupts the impressiveness of the scene. Not a response—no vandals dare intrude upon the sanctity of this house of God. All is as hushed and calm as though angels brooded over the hearts of the people in blessing.

At the hour appointed, Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey appear. After divine guidance has been invoked, Mr. Sankey sings in his impressive manner one of his most stirring songs. Mr. Moody is heartily supported by all the pastors of the city. The co-operation is truly remarkable. There is no feeling of sectarianism here. The great business seems to be that of saving souls, and God may garner them into any fold He pleases.

Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists and Methodists are actively engaged in the same noble work. The hearts of the ministers have been greatly refreshed and strengthened by the outpourings of grace which flow from Mr. Moody's labors. New impulses are given them, and greater suggestions add a new impetus to the conscientious discharge of duty. In fact, every age and condition of humanity in this hurrying city is more or less affected by the presence of this golly man and his Christian enthusiasm. The religious interest is steadily increasing. Monday evening of each week he holds a special meeting at Farwell Hall for new converts and those seeking religion. These meetings are crowded. In his sermon he is terse and brief, always preaching to the point. His texts are the most simple. He seems to attire old truths in more attractive guises. He urges, persuades, exhorts you to accept the Saviour he has found so precious. There is no obtruding of self. It might be Jones or Brown addressing you. You are never made to feel it is Mr. Moody. He is peculiarly simple and unaffected in his manner. His work is to save souls, and with God's help he intends to do it. He pours into your enraptured hearing the peculiar richness of the Gospel—its permanence in blessing, the ultimate peace it dispenses. He compares love for Jesus to the strong, abiding affections of earth life, and enlarges upon this thought, until to love and serve the Master seems the most legitimate and most desirable attainment in this world.

Mr. Moody is so zealously prosecuting his work. His extraordinary powers are taxed to their utmost. He shirks no duty; avoids no opportunity for establishing Christ's kingdom. His presence here is greatly appreciated by those who earnestly desire the establishment of Christian brotherhood, which has for its end, charity and love for their neighbor.  
S. J. WHEELER.

## FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

But how true and important the teachings of science may be, they do not embrace all truth, and they are certainly no more important, to say the least, than many of the truths they ignore. For man is a vital force, and not a scientific entity, and human life is a thing of thoughts and feelings and imaginations and dreams over which science can possibly have very little control. Bodily has more to do with every life than fact. We are creatures of sentiment rather than sense, and over the interior realm of desires, motives, hope, faith, love, and worship, science has no power. Knowledge is useful in proportion to the activity of the mind and intensity of the feeling that vitalize and use it. Out of the heart are the issues of life. A true and noble character requires for its building the moral and spiritual elements, the faith in invisible realities, the vision of divine things, the love of goodness, and upreach to possess it, which science ignores or treats in cold and hollow mockery. Statistics will not take the place of sympathies in human experience. No fine theory of an evolving world will give rest to a weary or comfort to a sorrowing heart. Geologic formations, attested with fossils, cannot take the place of the Testaments in the ordering of life; and no discovered or discoverable gas can be the God of an awakened soul. The best elements of human life find their allment in the spiritual atmosphere of religion, through which the divinest influences operate as the sunbeams play through the vibrating ether.—*Christian at Work.*

Human institutions do not perish until they have fulfilled their uses; when that time comes they die; and from their ruins others arise, to take their place, and perform new and higher functions. The germ of truth that is in them is the vital thing. That does not become extinct, but is transmitted from one to another. Look at the history of the Church. The mission of the Jewish Theocracy was to preserve a pure Monotheism. When that was accomplished the Church of the old dispensation died. But the spark of life was not lost. It dwelt, quickened and enlarged, in Christianity. The mission of the Holy Catholic Church was to protect and spread the Gospel until it had gained a firm, steady footing in the world. When that was accomplished it died as a Church universal, and from the side of effort Romanism sprang the Churches of the Reformation. Doubtless, when the mission of the Protestant denominations, which is the many-sided development and propagation of Christian doctrine, is effected, they in their turn will give way to another and a higher form of religious life.—*Presbyterian.*



## MISCELLANEOUS.

## TEMPTATIONS TO, AND EVILS OF, PLAGIARISM.

BY REV. A. S. LADD.

Webster defines plagiarism—"To steal or purloin from the writings of another." Inasmuch as to steal is a criminal offense, can there be any occasion for presenting a paper on "plagiarism" before a ministerial association? It is a self-evident and universally admitted truth, that the Gospel minister ought to practice what he preaches; and also, that it is the ingenious, strong, upright and noble character which is behind the preacher's utterances that gives them weight and force. We have said that stealing is a criminal offense; and it is also generally regarded as one of the meanest ways of sinning. If a man is in trade, and needs more capital to help him over a hard place, and because he sees no other way of getting it, he steals it, he is put down as a scamp and a villain at once. If a man is in the ministry, and finds himself in a hard place, and takes another man's sermon and delivers it as his own, is he not also a scamp and a villain? And if so, I ask the question again—Is there any occasion for discussing this question in a ministerial association? If you decide there is not, then I will stop just here and now.

But the evidence is too abundant and conclusive that a good deal of this thing is done; and I do not say that it is as clearly a sin in every case to steal sermons, as it is to steal money. I charitably conclude that in many cases it is done without condemnation; and yet in such cases it is an evil, and the conscience evidently needs educating.

I. The temptations to plagiarism. And before speaking of these, I wish to say that I do not consider that we are obliged to give credit for every brief saying, for every happy turn of thought. We are allowed to take for granted that the authorship of many condensed, strong, familiar sayings is understood. We may quote a verse of a hymn, or even a whole hymn, and if we do not give the author's name, no one in the congregation would be likely to think that it was our own production; and if we should ever quote such poor doggerel as would appear to be down to the level of our own ability, we should doubtless be doing the author a great favor by withholding his name. Neither do I claim that the average preacher can claim any great originality of thought. The most of us can do better for our people, and for the cause of Christ, by availing ourselves of the thoughts of others. The blacksmith does not make iron, but has it furnished him, and his business is to shape it into useful articles, putting his own impress upon it, and thus his work goes forth as truly his own. Our work is similar. Truth is furnished us. Arguments, illustrations, thoughts, furnished us by others, fill our libraries. Our work is to appropriate them, make them our own, inwardly digest, take them into our mental constitution, and strengthen and enrich our sermons with them. If this is not our duty and privilege, then there can be no benefit derived from reading and study.

I am willing to confess that it is difficult to draw the line, always and exactly, between what is, and what is not, plagiarism. But I think all will admit that preaching other people's sermons without giving them credit, or taking another's essay and tacking on a text, and calling it a sermon, or reading a perfect patchwork of moral and religious truth, culled from this and that author, without a word of credit, is plagiarism.

To this way of doing things there are many temptations. An indolent nature gives rise to such a temptation. Thinking is the hardest, the most exhausting, and the most wearing work done; and there are, I have no doubt, as large a percentage of lazy men in the ministry, as in any other profession or calling. How few of us live up to the disciplinary injunction, to be always and profitably employed! And the days glide by, and Saturday comes (and how often they come!), and no careful, prayerful preparation has been made for the Sabbath service. Something must be done. So the book of "plans," or the volume of printed sermons, is resorted to. Another temptation grows out of the desire for popularity. The call and the cry is for ministers that will draw. Some months ago I read an extract from an editorial in the *Presbyterian*, of Philadelphia: "The Church of Christ has been managed in Philadelphia for years by boards of trustees in many instances, and according to the policy of mammon. Ministers have been called and dismissed, to suit the financial policy of this legal, and often heartless, corporation, and the very incoherence and amen of the Church have been perverted; so if the pew-rents were secure, the preacher could tickle the fancies, and the world could go to the devil."

There is a tremendous tendency—even in many renewed hearts—to suit the supply to the demand. And so, many preachers have sought to please the people by giving them better sermons than they could possibly prepare themselves. Said one of the veterans of the East Maine Conference, in reply to a brother minister who remarked to him that he kept at home wonderfully, and in a comparatively narrow sphere of labor for a man of his ability: "Yes, I never have traveled much, but I have preached all over the country." "How so?" asked his friend. "Oh, I have heard of you and others preaching my sermons," was his reply. An

old minister listened, on one occasion, to a young minister, and at the close of the sermon asked him how long it took him to write that sermon. "Only a few hours," was the smart young man's reply. "It took me two weeks," was the stinging response of the old man. But it is needless for me to spend more time in speaking of the temptations. We believe that with every temptation to evil a way of escape is provided; and if this is an evil, it ought not to be practiced, whatever the temptation may be.

II. The evils of plagiarism. 1. It hinders a mental growth. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that strengthens our bodies. And so with the mind; it requires no process of mental digestion to copy another's production, and deliver it to our people. To be sure, it may be committed to memory, and so far as the power of the memory to seize and hold is increased, so far there may be real advantage derived. But if our mental improvement is mostly in the line of an improved memory, then must our mental furnishing be scanty and second-rate, at best. Then are we mere peddlers of other men's wares—mere echoes of other men's thoughts. The only way to secure anything like healthy and symmetrical mental growth is to cultivate all our intellectual powers—to think, reflect, analyze, compare, and arrange for ourselves. We have a right, as I have already said, to glean our material from every possible source—from books, periodicals, nature, incidents in common life—for the illustration and enforcement of Bible truth. But all this should pass through the alembic of our own mental processes. That theory of education which aims at a mere cramming of the mind with facts and dates, we all know to be exceedingly faulty. And that theory which aims to draw out and develop the powers of the mind, furnishing it with a relish for original investigation, is the true theory. It is not enough for ministers to be good men. Neither is it expected that many of us will be great men. But it is reasonably expected that we shall be growing men. Some of you remember Bishop Simpson's illustration when cautioning young ministers not to be carried away with the praise of their people: "If they tell you you preach well," he said, "they mean you preach well, for new beginners. When the little child begins to prattle, the fond mother pats him on the head, and praises him; but, as he increases in years, if he continues his childish prattling, she feels like patting him elsewhere."

2. It interferes with our growth in grace. If a man has conscience enough to be a preacher, he cannot help feeling that such things are not just right. There must be some compromise of self-respect. He who attains to a deep, rich, fruitful Christian experience must have for a foundation the granite of genuine honesty, inflexible integrity, and strict veracity. Such a religious experience as every Gospel minister needs in order to be happy and successful in his work, cannot be any patched-up affair. And whatever interferes with our growth in grace must be an evil indeed; for whatever else one may, or may not be, the people expect and insist that we be examples of piety.

3. It loosens our hold upon the respect and confidence of our people. If we are in the habit of preaching other people's sermons, with any considerable frequency, some of our people will know it. "Murder will out," and when some of them know it, who can tell how many will know it? There are several ways in which people find it out. There are so many people that read now-a-days besides ministers that they are very likely to stumble on to our profound productions before we ever thought of putting them into the hands of the printer. Said an intelligent young lady recently, on returning from church, "Wasn't that a fine sermon?" and then added, with a twinkle in her eye, "I read the same thing only a few days ago," and gave the name of the book and author. And if they do not happen to see them in print, some will notice the great difference in the whole style and character of our productions. Said an intelligent Christian woman to me not long since, "I could tell when our minister was preaching his own sermons, and when he was preaching somebody's else." Who can help feeling a sort of contempt for those preachers who are in the habit of purchasing their sermons at the regular sermon market, as they do in some places? That is bad enough, surely. But it is a little worse to steal them, and then palm them off as our own. The minister's capital is his character. His average of power, his earnestness, his place in the esteem and affections of his people; and when he gives his people any occasion to suspect him of being guilty of any of those tricks, deceptions and subtleties which are common in the world, he is shorn of his strength.

Inasmuch as another paper is to be presented on this subject, and more or less of the brethren will wish to speak upon it, I conclude that it will not be profitable for me to enlarge upon it; but I will simply say, in conclusion, that we who are experts with our own sling and pebbles, had better not try to fight in Saul's armor. The last few years have demonstrated the folly and crime of doing a large business on borrowed and inflated capital. In the long run, "honesty is the best policy." "He that seeks his life shall lose it." The minister who expects the esteem of his brethren in the ministry and in the laity, who prizes highly a clear conscience and real self-respect, and

who expects to grow in the favor of God and in every element of true, solid, substantial ministerial power and success, must do business on his own capital. I very much question whether God ever calls a man to preach who has not brains enough to prepare his own sermons, and conscience enough to spur him to work; and we ought to be encouraged by the fact, that, as a rule, it is not the men who preach the profoundest sermons who have the crowds to hear them, but the men who preach simply, earnestly, and affectionately. And when the preacher finds out that he cannot so prepare and so deliver his sermons as to interest and profit the people, then he ought to retire to some calling for which he is fitted. A man had better break stones by the highway, and retain his manhood, than to undertake to be a preacher at the expense of some of the fundamental and vital qualities of genuine manliness. Let us continue to pray, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

## "THE BOOK OF NICODEMUS"—HOME-MADE SCRIPTURE.

BY AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

All good Christian people believe that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." Why, then, should any resort to home-made Scripture, when the Bible can "thoroughly furnish" them with all they need, for "every good word and work"? What conclusive evidence that they have not, like young Timothy, "known the Scriptures from their youth," nor made them their careful study in their riper years? With such it sometimes happens that they make ludicrous blunders in quoting the Scriptures, or, what is still more ludicrous, they seem in all honesty to quote what is called "home-made Scripture," as they think occasion may demand, ignorantly calling it "the Word of God," and thus expose themselves to great embarrassment, and even to ridicule, as the following incidents will plainly show.

Some years since, while the writer was a resident in a first-class town in the old Granite State, bordering upon the Massachusetts line, it came to pass that Old Fellowship had gained quite a foothold in the place in a short space of time, to the special annoyance of some good people who were conscientiously opposed to all secret societies.

So it seemed, at length, to the members of the order, very meet and right to invite the far-famed Father Taylor, of the Boston Seamen's Bethel celebrity, to come and enlighten the good people of the town who were not then enlightened, on what the admirers of the institution considered to be the glories of their order. Father T. came, and the celebrity of his name brought out the multitude; and he, in his lecture, set forth the glories of the order in glowing colors, and the rapid progress it was making among the people. He then said that some good people felt very badly about it, and somewhat sarcastically advised such folks to "grin and bear it" as best they could; following up his advice with the story about an ignorant old woman, who told her pastor how she "found great consolation in all her troubles." "In what way, in particular," inquired her minister, "do you find such consolation?" "Why," said she, "I find it in reading my Bible." "In what part of the Bible," said he, "do you find it?" "Why," said she, "I find it in reading the book of Nicodemus." "And what, in particular, in the book of Nicodemus," asked her minister, "do you find so comforting to you?" "Why," said she, "I read there, 'giving (it is said) chapter and verse, 'Grim and bear it.' (Laughter and applause.)" "So," said Father Taylor, "I offer to the opposers of Old Fellowship the consolations of the old woman got in reading 'the book of Nicodemus,' and advise them to 'grin and bear it.'" (Renewed applause.) The effect produced on the audience may be better imagined than described. This story has been often repeated in that vicinity, and "the book of Nicodemus" referred to, and "grin and bear it" quoted again and again in many a merry circle, as well as in some circles not so very merry.

The very next day after Father Taylor's lecture, and in the same hall, there was held a meeting of the Cheshire county temperance society, when the real and professed friends of temperance met together, to devise ways and means to promote the cause. The discussion soon turned upon the subject of legal and moral suasion; and some taking one side, and some the other. Among those taking the side of legal, as well as moral, suasion, was the Rev. Mr. R., a worthy Baptist clergyman from Keene, who in an able manner urged the importance of using legal, as well as moral, force, to suppress the traffic. He was followed by a Mr. — (said to be a deacon in the Universalist Church in an adjoining town), who took decided grounds against him, and while acknowledging the right of legal force, was decidedly opposed to using it; and (perhaps designing to hit the minister a rap for mixing up in such matters) said, "Though I am not a minister, nor the son of a minister, I believe the Bible, and my Bible tells me 'the truth is to be spoken at all times.'" Whereupon the Rev. Mr. R., interrupting him, said, "I am a minister, and (I think added) 'the son of a minister, but I never read that in my Bible. Will the gentleman tell us in what book of the Bible it can be found?" (Laughter.)

The gentleman not answering the question, the writer answered for him, loud enough for all to hear: "It is found in 'the book of Nicodemus!'" (Renewed laughter.) My Baptist brother, not understanding the joke, responded very soberly, "I am not acquainted with that book" (renewed laughter). The Universalist deacon, somewhat abashed, and doubtless wondering what could be the cause of the merriment, went on and closed up his speech without further interruption.

It is said (but for the truth of which the writer cannot vouch) that a sister of the deacon, confident that "the book of Nicodemus" was in the Bible, went home and searched it through, and to her disappointment and mortification, could not find "the book of Nicodemus."

## LETTER FROM CANADA.

(Continued.)

The Young Men's Christian Association of Canada has been very active last year in evangelistic work. In some of our cities and towns a great impetus has been given to home missions. Some influential gentlemen, as vice-Chancellor Blake and others, have greatly aided the association by means of free lectures, and otherwise heartily co-operating on behalf of the young men. Recently a convention was held in one of our western cities, which was attended by delegates from various parts of the Dominion. The association is in full sympathy with the temperance movement, but it is a matter much to be regretted, that like too many other benevolent institutions of the present day, the Young Men's Christian Association of Canada is seriously crippled for want of pecuniary means.

In Methodist circles the most important event which has recently transpired is the meeting of the Central Board of Missions, which was held at St. Johns, New Brunswick. The mission field is very extensive, comprising the entire Dominion of Canada and the empire of Japan. Of course, the latter may be said to be the only foreign mission; but there are Indian missions in four provinces, French missions in Quebec, and a great number of domestic missions. There are eight different languages among the Indians, which makes mission work among them very difficult. The total agents of all kinds employed by the Board is 515. Unhappily the income of the society is not equal to the claims of these important missions. Last year, from ordinary sources, the receipts were far below the expenditure, so that now there is a debt of some \$38,000, which necessarily is a great hindrance to the progress of the society. If more domestic missions could be made self-sustaining, greater attention could be given not only to some of the more distant provinces, but also to Japan, where the missionaries laboring there have met with remarkable success. Four missionaries are now in that empire, and the latest accounts report that three young natives are about to enter the ministry. The present year will be a very trying one to all benevolent institutions, as, until another harvest has been reaped, no doubt there will be a great dullness of trade. The secretaries of the Central Board at the late meeting offered to forego their claim of salary to a considerable extent for the current year, showing that they were willing to share the reduction equally with the missionaries; a circumstance which reflects great credit upon them.

That "most successful Church bazaar of the age," Rev. Dr. Ives, of Auburn, N. Y., has been among us again assisting at the dedication of the Dominion Church at Ottawa, the capital of Canada. By his ingenuity and skill he secured \$20,000, being a considerable amount more than the actual necessities, so that some of the subscribers feel themselves unable to meet their promises, there will be a good margin, leaving the trustees in comparatively easy circumstances. The Dominion Church is one of the most successful enterprises which it has been our lot to chronicle. Methodism has long been comparatively weak in Ottawa city, and the church accommodation was not by any means what it should be for such a place. Rev. W. J. Hunter, the pastor, is a brother of great zeal and popular talents, and being sustained by a board of trustees like-minded with himself, he launched the enterprise, and has been permitted to bring it to a successful completion. Considering the dullness of the lumber trade, on which the city mainly depends, and various other countervailing influences, the success of the enterprise is marvellous, and reflects great credit on all concerned. Dr. Ives has been connected with the dedication of somewhere about one thousand churches, but he pronounces the Dominion Church one of the cheapest that he has ever seen. Had its cost been 100 per cent. more than reported, he would not have been surprised. The cost is less than \$50,000. Methodism now has a church in the capital of the country of which it has no cause to be ashamed. May it be the birthplace of thousands of immortal souls!

Great efforts are now being put forth in the direction of special services for revivals. Methodism must still be "Christianity in earnest," and can only maintain this character by aggressive means for the salvation of perishing souls. "Four days' meetings" are now very commonly held as the precursor of more continued effort. A great number of these meetings are now being held, and no doubt between this time and Christmas we shall have a great ingathering. May it be so! The weather is favorable, the ministers are full of hope, and we hope there will be glad tidings heard from every part of our Zion.

The Sunday-school Board of the General Conference of the Methodist Church recently met in Toronto, and made a sort of general review of the Sunday-school work in connection with the Church. Great efforts are being made to purge the libraries, many of which contain a vast number of improper books, by no means fit for circulation among the children. One very humiliating fact has been brought out, that we have in the Methodist Church of Canada 1,386 places at which there is regular preaching, but at which there is no Sunday-school. Our circuit system, while it is very suitable for evangelistic labor, yet while worked as at present, with three public services for a minister on the Sabbath, renders it impossible for the minister to devote so much time to the Sabbath-school as is desirable. One recommendation of the Board your correspondent very heartily approves, viz., setting apart a minister to give his whole time to Sunday-school work, that he may visit schools, organize new schools, and in various other ways assist in making the schools increasingly efficient. We hope the Annual Conference particularly concerned will see to it, that the recommendations of the Board are carried out to their fullest extent.

October 27, 1876. ONTARIO.

THOU KNOWEST NOT NOW. I looked upon the wrong or bad side of a piece of arras (or tapestry); it seemed to me as a continued nonsense. There was neither head nor foot therein; confusion itself had as much method in it—a company of thrums and threads, with many pieces and patches of several sorts, sizes and colors, all of which signified nothing, to my understanding. But then, looking on the reverse, or right side thereof, all put together did spell excellent proportions, and figures of men and cities; so that indeed it was a history, not written with a pen, but wrought with a needle. If men look upon some of God's providential dealings with a pure eye of reason, they will hardly find any sense therein, such their muddle and disorder. But, alas! the wrong side is objected to our eyes, while the right side is presented to the high God of heaven, who knoweth that an admirable order doth result out of this confusion; and what is presented to Him at present may hereafter be so showed to us as to convince our judgments in the truth thereof.—Thomas Fuller.

## OUR ECLECTIC.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like; Friendship is a sheltering tree; Oh, the joys that came down shower-like, Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty, Ere I was old! Ah, woeful Ere! Which tells me, Youth's no longer here! O Youth! for years so many and sweet, 'Tis known that thou and I were once; I'll think it but a fond conceit— It cannot be that thou art gone! The vesper bell hath not yet tolled, And thou wert erst a masker bold! What strange disguise hast thou now put on, To make believe that thou art gone? I see these looks in silvery slips, This drooping lock, this altered size; But spring-like blossoms on thy lips, And tears like sunshine from thine eyes. Life is but thought; so think I will, That Youth and I are house-mates still.

## OUR ECLECTIC.

YOUTH AND AGE.

If God had designed woman as man's master, He would have taken her from his head; if as his slave, He would have taken her from his feet; but as He designed her for his companion and equal, He took her from his side.—St. Augustine, *De Civitate Dei*.

PATIENCE.—One of the sorest trials of a man's temper and patience was that which befell Abazuit, the natural philosopher, while residing at Geneva—resembling in many respects a similar calamity which occurred to Newton, and which he bore with equal resignation. Among other things, Abazuit devoted much study to the barometer and its variations, with the object of deducing the general laws which regulated atmospheric pressure. During twenty-seven years he made numerous observations daily, recording them on sheets prepared for the purpose. One day, when a new servant was installed in the house, she immediately proceeded to display her zeal by "putting things to rights." Abazuit's study, among other things, was made tidy and set in order. When he entered it, he asked of the servant, "What have you done with the paper that was round the barometer?" "Oh, sir," was the reply, "it was so dirty that I burnt it and put in its place this paper, which you will see is quite new." Abazuit crossed his arms, and after some moments of internal struggle, he said, in a tone of calmness and resignation: "You have destroyed the results of twenty-seven years' labor; in future touch nothing whatever in this room."—From *Character*, by SAMUEL SMILES.

## A WIFE'S DEVOTION.

But the most remarkable instance of the release of a husband through the devotion of a wife was that of the celebrated Grotius. He had lain for nearly twenty months in the strong fortress of Lovestein, near Gorcum, having been condemned by the government of the United Provinces to perpetual imprisonment. His wife, having been allowed to share his cell, greatly relieved his solitude. She was permitted to go into the town twice a week and bring her husband books, of which he required a large number to prosecute his

studies. At length a large chest was required to hold them. This the sentries at first examined with great strictness; but, finding that it only contained books (among others Arminian books) and linen, they at length gave up the search, and it was allowed to pass in and out as a matter of course. This led Grotius' wife to conceive the idea of releasing him; and she persuaded him one day to deposit himself in the chest instead of his outgoing books. When the two soldiers appointed to remove it took it up, they felt it to be considerably heavier than usual, and one of them asked, jestingly, "Have we got the Arminian here?" "No," replied the other, "it is a man." "Yes, perhaps some Arminian book," the chest reached Gorcum in safety; the captive was released; and Grotius escaped across the frontier into Brabant, and afterwards into France, where he was rejoined by his wife.—From *Character*, by SAMUEL SMILES.

## HEROES FOR TRUTH.

Many loved Truth and lavished life's best oil, Amid the dust of books to do it her, Content at last, for guardians of their toil With the east mantle she had left behind her. Many in sad fash sought for her, Many with crossed hands sighed for her, But these, our brothers, sought for her, At life's dear peril wrought for her, So loved her that they died for her, And tasting the raptures of death, Of her divine completeness. J. R. LOVELL.

## AN ARDENT INVESTIGATOR.

Adanson, the French botanist, was about seventy years old when the Revolution broke out, and amidst the shock he lost everything—his fortune, his places and his gardens. But his patience, courage, and resignation never forsook him. He became reduced to the greatest straits, and even wanted food and clothing; yet his ardor of investigation remained the same. Once, when the Institute invited him, as being one of its oldest members, to assist at a *seance*, his answer was that he regretted he could not attend for want of shoes. "It was a touching sight," says Cuvier, "to see the poor old man, bent over the embers of a decaying fire, trying to trace characters with a feeble hand on the little bit of paper which he held, forgetting all the pains of life in some new idea in natural history, which came to him like some beneficent fairy to cheer him in his loneliness." The Directory eventually gave him a small pension, which Napoleon doubled; and at length, after death came to him in his seventy-ninth year. A clause in his will, as to the manner of his funeral, illustrates the character of the man. He directed that a garland of flowers, provided by fifty-eight families whom he had established in life, should be the only decoration of his coffin—a slight but touching image of his moral and durable monument which he had erected for himself in his works.—From *Character*, by SAMUEL SMILES.

## OUR BOOK TABLE.

The No Name Series, by Roberts Brothers, is proving a remarkable success, both as to the character of the volumes and their rapid sale. The first, MARY PHILBURN'S CHOICE, has already achieved a literary reputation that must be very grateful to the anonymous author. It is a vivid, natural, and impressive story. Its male and female hero and heroine have become already real personages, and their psychological and moral characteristics are freely discussed. The second of the series is a still more remarkable volume. For an unknown writer to achieve success in a protracted and dramatic poem is a surprise, and Dr. Dwyer has quite taken its readers by storm. It is written in regular and musical lines—a legend of the north of Ireland.—

## OUR BOOK TABLE.

When wood-flowers bloomed, and roses in their prime Laughed round the garden, and the new-fledged bird "Mid the thick leaves its downy winglets stirred." The poem preserves the lively interest of its story until the last. Its stirring events and adventures, on sea and land, among the northern islands and the Scotch coast, its fierce encounters described in vigorous style, its tender and beautiful passages recounting the inception, the growth, and the triumph of love over all opposition, and its most pathetic and tragic close, render it a poem of remarkable interest, beauty and power. Already a talented young Irish physician of the city is announced as its unacknowledged father. He need not blush at the imputation, nor shrink from the paragon of such a literary offspring.

A new book by Hamerton has come to be an expected and welcome event, at regular periods. This time, however, he has revised and condensed, to its main improvement, a three-volume novel, published in England. Its enlarged size, when first issued, was contrary to his judgment, and in the present form it best represents his literary taste. It is entitled WENDEHOLME; A STORY OF LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE. It presents a very graphic picture (too literal and too much of the North of England type, whose local patriotism wars their judgment) of the sad striking habits of the period in which it is laid, and we fear it presents only too correct a portrait of the condition of certain classes in these counties at the present time. Outside of the dreadful domestic and social tragedies which it pictures, as the natural and inevitable consequences of intemperance, we have the same charming descriptions of scenes and localities, the same quiet humor, the same excellent and wholesome aesthetic and moral lessons. No writer has a more appreciative audience than Hamerton. Every one of his books is sure of a hearty welcome, and what is more to the purpose, deserves it.

MY OLD LETTERS, by Horatio Bonar, D. D. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. For sale by J. P. Magee, Boston, 12mo, pp. 352. This is a protracted literary biography, of twelve books and nearly a thousand lines, in blank verse. It is pleasant, but not profound reading. It is not as attractive as his hymns, but will be gratefully read by many of those who have long enjoyed the sweet lyrics of his author.

BITS OF TALK (In verse and prose) FOR YOUNG FOLKS, by H. H. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Miniature edition, \$1.00. H. H. has already given us a taste of her "bits of talk" and "bits of travel." Long may it be before the whole loaf is exhausted! This is a pleasant collection of attractive and sensible stories in verse and prose. It will make a choice gift-book for the holidays.

NEW MUSIC. From Oliver Ditson & Co.: Vocal—My Dearest Heart, by A. Sullivan; My Love, by Franz Abt; The First Cricket, by F. Boott; What Shall I Be, by M. P. Eayrs. Instrumental—From a True Heart, by Gustav Lange; The Contrabasso, for violin and piano, by A. Sullivan; Irresistible, by Chas. Wells; Polka, for violin and piano, by Julius Kolbe.

James H. Osgood & Co. have added to the Household Edition of American poets the collected Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell. 12mo. Price \$2.00. It is the first collected edition of his works, and is gracefully dedicated to George William Curtis. Here are all the favorite poems of this popular writer, in very clear although small type, and sold for a moderate sum. The latest most characteristic of New England poets—Longfellow, Whittier and Lowell—are presented complete in this uniform and beautiful edition, and they form a trio of which we may well feel proud.

It was a happy device of some bright mind about the publishing house of Osgood & Co. to elect the manuscript of the National Ode of Bayard Taylor, delivered July 4, 1876, in Philadelphia. It is not every poet whose sheets could endure such a test, *literature of practicality of chirography*, or whose pages could be understood when thus actually reproduced, by average readers. But Mr. Taylor happily writes well and plainly, and the fine, thin quarto, in which it is published by Messrs. Osgood & Co., will be one of the pleasantest of reminders of Centennial days. It makes an attractive table ornament, as well as a worthy memento of a remarkable occasion.

In 1858 the first of the series of THE HYMNS OF THE AGES was issued from the press of Phillips, Sampson & Co. It was compiled by two ladies, and introduced by a graceful preface from the pen of Dr. (now Bishop) Huntington. It was one of the first efforts to gather up the rich psalmody of the Catholic Church, in its better days, and to collect the sacred hymns which had not become the lyrics of public devotion, but had been the solace, down the ages, in hours of holy meditation and deep, devout, of pious hearts. Scores of such collections have been made since; but none have been more successful, or better deserved the favor with which this one was received. The plates came into the hands of Ticknor & Fields, the predecessors of the present publishers, Messrs. J. H. Osgood & Co., and the second series was issued in 1869; and on account of the interest which had been awakened by the volumes, and the richness of the material afforded, the third series was published in 1874. It formed, altogether, an exceedingly choice collection of spiritual hymns and short poems. We are glad to see that a new edition is called for. Messrs. Osgood & Co. have issued, in a very tasteful form, the three volumes. They come out on the eve of the holidays, and will offer one of the choicest gifts of sacred poetry that can be found. These hymns that have outlasted the ages have a perennial interest. There are no books of devout meditation, after the Psalms of David, that are more profitable in hours of meditation than these. We are glad to bid them God-speed upon their fresh mission.

We deliberately gave ourselves up to the reading of WINWOOD CLIFF, a new book by our old friend and editorial predecessor, Dr. Daniel Wise. It is a capital story for boys, beautifully published by Lee & Shepard, 16mo, 314 pp. Price \$1.25. Its scene is the Atlantic shore of New England, its pictures are true to nature, and its incidents are actual facts. The natural events occurring in a sea captain's family enable the skillful and graceful writer to give the wisest, kindest and most impressive lessons to impulsive, headless, but good-natured boys of Christian families, exposed to the evil influences of bad companions. Get the book, and read it aloud in the family. The cable will come in at the right spot, without marking the page, "weep here!"

James H. Osgood & Co. have issued the last volume of the miniature series of the works of Ralph Waldo Emerson. The first one embraces such of his poems as he esteemed worthy of preservation. The readers of the interesting article upon Emerson and Bishop James, in a late *HERALD*, will be pleased to examine this beautiful collection of his poems, remembering the Bishop's criticism.

From the same house, in a volume of the same size, we have SEASHORE AND PRAIRIE, by Mary P. Thacher. The little volume is dedicated to Longfellow, and is said to be from the pen of a relative. The sketches which have evidently been gathered from contributions to periodical literature, are well written, upon attractive subjects, and are really interesting and worthy of their pretty setting and preservation.

Roberts Brothers have commenced the publication of a series of portable volumes, a little larger than Osgood's vest-pocket series, entitled Wisdom Series. Two volumes have been already issued—SELECTIONS FROM THE IMITATION OF CHRIST, by Thomas a Kempis, and SELECTIONS FROM THE THOUGHTS OF MARCUS AURELIUS ANTOINUS. The spiritual meditations of the devout Roman Catholic, and the fine moral aphorisms and sentiments of the thoughtful Roman emperor, are well known and always appreciated. In their present beautiful form they will find a ready welcome.

DOTTINGS ROUND THE CIRCLE. By Benjamin Robbins Curtis. James H. Osgood & Co. 8vo, 329 pp. A late graduate of Harvard, Mr. Curtis takes the grand tour of the world. His book is easy and pleasant reading. He gives simply his personal observations and experiences, as he crosses the continent, visits the Yosemite and San Francisco, sails over the Pacific, makes a short tour in Japan, a longer one in China, visits India and Egypt, and returns by way of Europe and the Atlantic. It forms an excellent and entertaining hand-book for one pursuing such a journey, and a good substitute for one that does not. It is not so much a volume for information as for entertainment, and in this aspect is quite a success.

Robert Carter & Brothers have added to their juvenile library Uncle Joe's Thanksgiving, by Julia Mathews; An Hundred Fold, Stories of Yngvar Hill, by the author of Ellen Montgomery's Book-shelves; Golden Thorns, by the same author; Holiday Hours, a series of tales, by Catherine Sinclair; Broken Mallet and the Pigeon's Eggs, by Joanna H. Mathews.

Dodd & Mead publish ELIZABETH'S MOTHERHOOD, by Martha Farquharson—a sequel to a previous volume, and a tale of much interest and very wholesome in its lessons. For sale by Lee & Shepard.

T. Y. Crowell, New York, publishes LARRY LINWOOD; OR, THE PRICE OF AN ACCOMPISHMENT, by the author of The White Cross. This volume shows the natural result of sending a Protestant girl to a Roman Catholic institution for instruction in art. The experience was sufficiently painful in this instance, but the final recovery is far from being the usual history of such unwise and perilous experiments.

NEW MUSIC. From Oliver Ditson & Co.: Vocal—My Dearest Heart, by A. Sullivan; My Love, by Franz Abt; The First Cricket, by F. Boott; What Shall I Be, by M. P. Eayrs. Instrumental—From a True Heart, by Gustav Lange; The Contrabasso, for violin and piano, by A. Sullivan; Irresistible, by Chas. Wells; Polka, for violin and piano, by Julius Kolbe.

MISS [Text cut off]



## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

[Extracts from a letter written by one of our missionaries in the foreign work to the Missionary Society of the Boston University School of Theology.]

DEAR BRETHREN: I should think there would be but few now in the school that know me personally, but this is not a matter of any consequence, as we are all in the same good work wherever Providence puts us; and as this day is the anniversary of my leaving America for home, I thought it would be pleasant to my friends to hear from me.

With mixed sorrow and joy I left the shores of America a year ago to-day.

After forty days of traveling I reached home and found my folks all well; and as the liberality of American Christians had enabled me to procure a pretty good outfit, I commenced my work at once. The first Sunday I arrived, the pastor of our Church invited me to preach, and so I did gladly, and am doing so ever since as often as I find occasion. I write this letter from Constantinople, as you notice, but, as you know, my residence is in Adapazar, a town about 90 miles east of this city; and now I am on a tour of preaching and doctoring. I preached last Sabbath three times in Nicomedia—an old city in Bithynia. . . . I find that a good physician can do a great deal of good, and can be the best representative of the Great One who cures both the soul and body. . . . You hear and see in the papers that our country is in war and confusion. We have had the change of three Sultans in less than four months. The European part of the Empire is almost lost for us; and though our government is doing its utmost to suppress the rebellion, yet we do not believe it will be able to do so. Money is already very scarce all over the country, and as the treasury also is empty, the government is pressing hard for money and taxing the poor people. So misery and poverty are raging all over the country. On the other hand the Mohammedan spirit is very much against Christianity. The Turkish troops have committed great cruelties and barbarities in Bulgaria, and murdered thousands of poor women and infants, and robbed the property of the inhabitants. From this you may well judge what is our condition in this country. Our Churches were already organized from the poorest of the people; we were already persecuted and depressed; we could scarcely stand up and support ourselves; and now, under these circumstances, we really do not know what to do. May the Lord himself help us! Do pray for us, I beseech you, my dear brethren. Remember that this is a part of the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ. This is the vineyard in which the Lord has cast my portion to work.

By the incessant labors of our pastor, and with the help of Scottish Christians, we have been able to build a new church building and establish an institute of theology. We have struggled so far to support it, but we will have to give it up for want of means, if we cannot find good and kind men to undertake the expenses of the students. And how much do you think is the total expense of a student all the year, including board and lodging and all? It is only \$50 in gold! And our young men are so poor that they cannot afford such a trifling expense. I am in the board of trustees of this institution, and will have an active part in the faculty, too, if we can keep it standing. Don't you think, brethren, that our society (I say our society, because I was once a member of it while in America) can do anything for our institution here, have an interest in it, or help it in one way or another?

D. S. C. KAVAGHAN, M. D.

Constantinople, Sept. 11, 1876.

## TEMPERANCE.

## WINE OF CANA.

BY MRS. ARNOLD DEANE.

"From all this, we submit, it follows that our Lord Jesus drank wine; that which He drank was fermented wine, and that He differed in no respect from other Jews of that time who drank it, except in that He never was guilty of excess."—Dr. H. M. Dexter.

Emmanuel! with us the God, Who Pity's breast-plate wore, The paschal offering o'er, Then open for us, the wondrous Lord, The resurrection door.

Exemplar to our fallen race! The Counselor above! On His pure name of love Dare we a darkling shadow trace— Heaven's own unsullied Dove?

Impure the rolling 'orbs appear To His all-searching eye; Archangels hush their cry, While "charged with folly" they draw near, And prone before Him lie.

Of every ill the sovereign cure, "He came to seek and save;" To still life's troubled wave; The foaming draught a viper sure Alone the sinful crave.

The flowing fountain at His word Gave vital treasures up— No beaded stream—the cup Filled high, when Cana's blessed Lord Bade His own chosen sup.

O soldier of this bootless war, Seek not to mar His name, And cloak the tippler's shame, Lest good angels from afar A withering judgment claim.

\*Job, xxv, 5.

## METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND TEMPERANCE.

In the last Quarterly may be found an exhaustive article, professing to show the action of the M. E. Church on the subject of temperance, from the time of Wesley to the present. The writer is doubtless exact and truthful in all his statements, but he entirely ignores efforts which have been made

from time to time, but which have been looked upon as "radical" by the General Conference, and have consequently failed.

The last General Conference was more remarkable for its methods of not doing, than for what it accomplished. Important interests were referred to the grandest committees composed of the best men, lay and clerical, that the Church could select from her millions of members and ministers. But whether the design in such reference was to get rid of the matter, or to secure action, it was sometimes difficult to decide.

As an instance of this, we refer to the final action upon a single point. For a quarter of a century the Church has been reproached, and justly, we think, for providing intoxicating wine for the Lord's Supper. The agency and license systems have been defended on ground that wines and other alcoholic liquors were demanded for medicine and for sacramental purposes. It is well known that reformed men are restrained from coming to the Lord's table because they dare not taste of alcoholic wine, and instances are known where reformed men, after witnessing a good profession, have fallen in this way. One case of a local preacher came under our own observation. He was rebuked by his Presiding Elder for being so "radical," and finally was persuaded to partake. The sad result was, he fell and now fills a drunkard's grave.

The idea that our steward must go to a groggery to get the symbol of the blood of Christ! In the last General Conference an amendment to the Discipline was proposed by a member of the Maine delegation, "forbidding the stewards of the Church providing anything intoxicating for the Lord's Supper." In the committee on Revisals, a committee of eighty—this was fiercely contested, but facts and arguments prevailed, and the amendment was carried by a strong vote.

But the opposition which was voted down in committee, triumphed in the end. When the proposed amendment was presented to the Conference, on motion of the chairman of the committee it was referred without reading to the temperance committee to form a part of their report—a committee of only seven persons! The friends of the amendment suspected nothing; but mark the adroit method of not only doing nothing, but also defeating what others had done. When the temperance committee reported, they ignored and left out entirely the amendment referred to them to report, and reported a milk and water resolution of no legal authority, to be published in the appendix "recommending the use of unfermented wine for sacramental purposes."

It is a shame to Methodism that while foremost in reform, we forbid our members drinking or selling, or even renting their buildings for such business, we still allow our sacramental altar, to fume with the fiery odors of alcoholic liquors! We attended a sacramental service in Baltimore during the General Conference, when the alcoholic fumes reached us the moment we entered the church. It struck us as singular that the administrator did not place the cup in the hand of the communicant but held it while it was drunk, sometimes holding it so he could not get a drop, and sometimes tipping it so as to submerge his nose and spill a portion into his bosom! But, judging from the fumes of the wine, we should consider it prudent for the administrator to keep strong hold on the cup. He can gauge every one then to a mere taste. But that taste would be a fearful risk to thousands of reformed men, and we know of many who will not go to the table unless assured that no alcoholic wine shall be used, and they are right.

We would no more put into the hands of a reformed man "such a cup of devils" than we would administer poison. Don't plead that Christ administered fermented wine. It has never been proved, and never can be, while it is altogether improbable. It was the night of the Passover, and by the law of the Passover, rigidly observed, nothing fermented must be used or even remain in their houses. Even their bread must be unleavened, or unfermented. Did Christ violate this law?

But this will not rest on the same "recommendation" of the appendix. There are men—call them radical, if you please—in the Maine Conference who will not rest till every minister in the Conference is pledged never under any circumstances to participate in any way in an alcoholic communion!

S. F. W.

One of the most peculiar and novel observations made by the Challenger expedition, according to Sir Wyville Thompson, relates to the occurrence of the metal manganese at the bottom of the deep sea. The red clay which over-spreads a very large portion of the floor of the Pacific Ocean contains nodules varying from the size of a canary seed to that of an orange, and composed of peroxide of manganese, almost pure. The metal is usually found accumulated around a fish's tooth, a bit of sponge or some fossil. "In the Atlantic, and all over the bottom of the sea, we find manganese in minute bits, but in the North Pacific particularly these pieces are in very great quantity, and attain a large size. This is a phenomenon," says Sir Wyville Thompson, "which we are as yet unable to explain, and I do not know that there is any analogous instances in any of the older formations."

Strong characters are brought out by change of situation, and gentle ones by permanence.

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Corn—Mixed and Yellow, 42 @ 45c; do. bush.

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BECK—\$10.00 @ 12.00 for meat and extra meat, and \$12.00 @ 13.00 for family.

Pork—\$20.00 @ 22.00; Lard, 10 @ 11c; Hams, 12 @ 13c; do.

BUTTER—22 @ 24c.

CHEESE—Factory, 15 @ 16c.

EGGS—29 @ 30c per doz.

HAY—\$12.00 @ 13.00 per ton.

POTATOES—70 @ 80c; do. bush.

Beans—Extra Pea, \$2.50 @ 2.60; medium, \$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush.

POULTRY—18 @ 20c per lb.

TERMINI—30c per peck.

BEETS—15c @ 16c; do. peck.

CABBAGE—6 @ 8c; do. each.

MARROW SQUASH—1c @ 1 1/2c; do.

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SWEET POTATOES—\$3.25 @ 3.50 per bush.

CRANBERRIES—\$5.50 @ 6.00 per bush.

REMARKS.—There is a moderate conservative demand for the best grades of Butter, but on common and medium grades the market is dull, and prices weak. Cheese is quiet, and the demand confined to the local trade. Eggs still have an upward tendency. There is a fair trade for choice Poultry.

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tion of their congregations to our  
offer.

Persons wishing to subscribe and  
finding it inconvenient to pay now,  
can forward their names at once,  
that they may have the full benefit of  
our offer, and send the money be-  
tween this and January 1.

A. S. WEED, Publisher,  
36 Bromfield Street.

# ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1876.

Salvation is an individual work. Though  
Christ died for all men, he has made no ar-  
rangement to save them in platoons. He  
takes them one by one. If you are saved it  
will be by giving personal heed to His Word,  
and by an individual surrender of your soul  
to God. Men can preach to you, can teach  
and exhort you to flee the coming wrath;  
they cannot save you. No great tide of spiri-  
tual influence will sweep you into the king-  
dom. Such a gracious visitation may open  
a favorable door, but salvation will not  
come to you until you give personal heed to  
it. He who is mighty and able to save  
stands at the door and knocks; hear His  
voice and open the door ere it is too late.

In order to do your best on the whole, do  
the best each time. Conscience reserve is a  
weakness. Put your best forward, and re-  
serve power will be found back of that.  
McClellan kept a great many men in reserve,  
and he miserably failed; Grant and Sher-  
man pushed every trained man to the front,  
and triumphed over the rebel power.

Preach your best sermons, do your best  
work each time, and the scale of attainable  
excellence will constantly rise. The doing  
will give more ability to do. By such grad-  
ual approaches the impossible will become  
possible. Your powers are elastic; they  
will bear stretching; and one expansion pre-  
pares the way for another.

The significance of a human life is deter-  
mined by its elevation. To sweep  
the stars of the telescope must be directed up-  
wards. To make the most of life a man  
must have a high purpose. That he will at-  
tain a higher point than he aims at, is con-  
trary to the everyday experience of men.  
We are constantly falling below what we in-  
tended; it would be quite unusual to rise  
above it.

In the Christian course this is the more ne-  
cessary as the Gospel places the standard so  
high. It is not natural to man to rise to the  
Gospel requirement. He must be lifted  
there by grace; and in order to that attain-  
ment his sin must be above nature. Reason  
is too near-sighted to obtain so high a view.

No further experiment will be required to  
impress all thoughtful persons with the im-  
portance of a radical change in the manner  
of electing the two highest magistrates in the  
land. There may not, for years, be just such  
an occasion as the present, and still it may  
occur again at the next election. Adequate  
provision should be made for all probable  
contingencies. Nothing could be more round-  
about than the present plan; and all can see  
that it fails to express the exact will of the  
people. Our Presidents are fully as likely  
to be elected by minorities as majorities of  
the citizens. In the midst of the most excit-  
ing canvass possible, the decision of the  
whole question may be placed in the hands  
of a board of commissioners of one State,  
with opportunities and temptations enough  
to commit fraud. It is too severe a strain  
upon the forbearance of a nation to be held  
thus for weeks in suspense, and to be ex-  
posed to such possible contingencies. One of  
the earliest acts of the next Congress  
should be the initiation of a new form of  
election, simply defended against such inci-  
dents as the last quarter of a century has  
shown to be possible.

The hope of our country is not in parties  
in the press, in schools even; it is in a great  
revival of the work of God. Parties, the  
press, our educational facilities, may all be  
used for evil, and will be if unattended by  
divine influences.

Nations have been created and saved by  
reformation. Christianity made a new  
world. Germany was the creation of Lu-  
ther. The Reformation under Henry VIII.  
renewed England. The nation was touched  
to still finer and higher issues by the Puritans,  
and later by the Wesleyan revival.

But no nation has been more indebted,  
for its political vigor and national prosper-  
ity even, to revivals than America. Many  
great tides of revivals have swept over the  
land and left immense belts of verdure.  
Who can forget the days of the Mathers, of  
Edwards, of Davies? Who can forget the  
great revivals that set in after the Revolution  
in connection with the labors of the  
Methodists, or the later ones of the present  
century? What would have become of us  
without these times of refreshing from the  
presence of the Lord?

The Revolution brought in a tide of indus-  
try and vice which was stayed only by  
this standard of the Lord. The same is

needed to-day above all else. The war has  
left old sores, embittered feelings, disap-  
pointed ambitions, shipwrecked hopes and  
contending sections. Who but God can  
quell the storm? What but grace can soften  
these hearts and allay these passions?

Oh, for the Spirit of the Lord to breathe  
upon those slain that they may live! Oh,  
for an overpowering, sweeping revival that  
shall flood the nation north and south!  
What else can save our liberties? What  
else can prevent our tearing each other in  
pieces? What else can save the foreign  
people who have floated in masses to our  
shores? We can reach them only through  
the heart. Their intellects and prejudices  
are in the keeping of their old teachers, or  
are under the control of infidelity, but the  
heart is accessible to the Spirit of God.  
Shall we not pray for the effusion of the  
Holy Spirit?

In the editor's table of *Appleton* for De-  
cember, which is particularly varied and at-  
tractive this month, is a short note upon  
what the writer calls the "romantic side"  
of science. He mentions several instances  
of heroic self-sacrifice on the part of young  
physicians and medical students, who per-  
iled their own lives for the benefit of suffer-  
ers or for the advancement of science. At  
Manchester, England, lately, a weakly  
young man had a leg amputated at the hos-  
pital, and was too feeble to rally. The hos-  
pital doctor declared, as he was slinking,  
that there was only one possibility of his  
salvation. Some fresh warm blood from a  
vigorous man must be infused into his  
languid veins. A young student at once  
stepped forward and bared his arm. A pint  
of blood was taken, and immediately sent,  
circulating through the veins of the dying  
man. Within two hours he revived, recog-  
nized his friends, and seemed in a fair  
way to recover.

All around us there are men spiritually  
dying. Their moral life is so low as to be  
hardly perceptible. They are fast sinking  
down into a hopeless condition. Where are  
the young Christians, to step heartily for-  
ward and to proffer their fresh, warm, vi-  
gorous Christian life for their rescue? We  
should not call this the "romantic" side,  
but the consecrated side of piety.

Many people make great effort to become  
what God never designed them to be. What  
they were made for is easy to them, and they  
are not able to persuade themselves that such  
easy things possess any value; and so they  
strain to do something that is unnatural to  
them, though natural to some other one, and  
because unnatural, difficult. They are not  
able to do it well. They find it a hard road  
to travel.

Be content to be yourself, to travel out on  
your plane, to do the work for which Provi-  
dence designed you. In your sphere you  
may do something noble, though your sphere  
be humble; but out of your sphere you work  
against the grain, toil hard, and accomplish  
nothing in the end.

To find your line of things observe what is  
easy to you, of interest to you; follow the  
mind in its spontaneous outflow. The fact  
that it is easy to you indicates that it is for  
you, that you were made for that sphere.  
The most vital books are those written as  
recreation. The mind operated then freely,  
while in the task-work of life it was trame-  
led. Bacon's essays are read more than  
all his other works. They were his recrea-  
tions. Though not written for fame, they  
contain the seeds of immortality. He acted  
himself. The best things we do in our  
sphere. The best qualities of our nature are  
here brought out; it is the atmosphere and  
so congenial to us. The excellence of a  
life is not in its high or low sphere, but in  
being cultured in the sphere for which we  
were designed in the creation. The sphere  
is only a case in which the soul is allowed to  
develop and take on its forms of beauty.  
Every animal develops best in his appropri-  
ate habitat, even though that habitat be not  
the most suitable for all animals.

Jesse Lee, with solemn ceremonies, laid  
the corner-stone of the first Methodist chapel  
in Boston, on what was afterwards called  
Methodist Alley (since Hanover Avenue),  
at the North End, August 28, 1795, and Rev.  
George Pickering dedicated it, when so far  
finished as to shelter and seat its humble  
worshippers, May 15, 1796. Forty-two com-  
posed the Methodist membership of Boston,  
at this time. This temple of God, in which  
the rejoicing little Church offered its grate-  
ful prayers, was 46 feet by 36. As humble  
as it was, it enjoyed the luxury of many of  
its more imposing successors—an embar-  
rassing debt. The earnest New England  
apostle, Lee of Virginia, collected at the  
South \$620 towards its cost. This was the  
cradle of Methodism in Boston, in which  
hundreds of happy souls were "born  
again."

April 15, 1806, the corner-stone of Brom-  
field Street chapel was laid by Rev. Peter  
Jayne, and the completed house, built of  
brick, 54 feet by 54, with a black flock from  
Plymouth Rock in its foundation, was dedi-  
cated by Rev. S. Merwin, November 16th of  
the same year. Like its predecessor, through  
all its early years it struggled with a heavy  
debt, and owed its release from the burden  
largely to the generosity and business skill  
of Colonel Binney, and the faithful and suc-  
cessful efforts of Rev. George Pickering.

In recognition of this interesting event,  
occurring just seventy years ago, the past  
week, according to appointment, was set  
apart as a religious feast by this venerable  
Church. On the sixteenth day of the month  
they gathered to their altars as many as pos-  
sible of the former pastors and of the mem-  
bership. One lady, wife of Rev. S. A. Cush-  
ing, who was present at the dedication in  
1806, then a child of six years of age, by her  
presence connected the two eras together.  
It proved to be a happy and profitable re-  
union, and was the occasion of many de-  
lightful reminiscences. Through the whole  
week the religious services were continued  
with good sentences and much religious in-  
terest. Six or eight years after the dedica-  
tion, while Rev. Daniel Webb was pastor,

Rev. T. C. Pelree, father of the editor of this  
paper, was received into this Church. He  
was then in the employment of the excel-  
lent David Patten, of blessed memory, from  
whose carpenter's shop he graduated into  
the itinerant ministry. He built the first  
little Methodist chapel in South Boston  
with his own hands, and then occupied its  
pulpit. At the same time Rev. Thomas  
Tucker was converted, and both young men  
sang in the choir of the Church. About the  
same year, also, under the same ministry,  
Edward T. Taylor was awakened, and be-  
came the wonderful angel of grace that he  
was to the men of the sea for so many years.  
We never expect, this side of heaven, to at-  
tend such a meeting as one love-feast in the  
old chapel when Bishop Hedding presided,  
somewhere about 1823. Bromfield Street  
Church in paradise has a long and blessed  
roll. What a privilege to meet and to greet  
the glorious saints of the former days! Rev.  
Dr. Mallieu is having a very successful  
pastorate (his second) with this Church,  
now in the prime of its maturity—three-  
score years and ten. Like aged parents, its  
children have gone out from it, but the light  
and beauty of home have not departed.

## THE EVANGELIZATION OF CITIES.

Every portion of the country is inter-  
ested in the prosperity of the cities. Great  
cities may be great sores, but they are in-  
evitable as population increases. With the  
increase of facilities of travel, and immediate commu-  
nication by telegraph, men draw into the  
centre or the suburbs of cities; for from these  
centres any portion of the world can be  
readily reached. The whole country is nec-  
essarily affected by the conditions of the cities,  
its capital, its corporations, its fashions,  
its votes and its vices. Religion finds its  
strongholds, its churches, its charities,  
its presses, and its leading pulpits, in cities.  
The best men and the worst men gather here.  
Unbelief builds its memorial halls, and  
paganism, even, practices its hideous rites, on its streets.  
Representatives of every nation under  
heaven can be found in large cities. Every  
people upon the globe to whom missionaries  
are sent are to be found in cities in a condition  
requiring evangelic service in their behalf.

Peculiar transformations, adding to the  
perils of cities, are constantly going on.  
As business increases, family residences  
are crowded back, and with them the  
Churches and the strongest corrective moral  
influences. The business portions of the city  
come to be thronged with an unhomogeneous population.  
The poorest and least educated classes  
of the community, the defective, the per-  
ished, the vicious and the criminal, gather  
in these sections, crowding near to the scene  
of their daily labor or depredations, but living  
in the humblest and most crowded tenements  
on account of their poverty. But these people  
are all fellow-citizens, and their votes tell as  
powerfully upon the destinies of the land, as  
those of the well-educated farmers and me-  
chanics of country villages. The ignorant and  
vicious masses of New York and Brooklyn  
determine the vote of the great State of New  
York, and may, through it, at times affect the  
destiny of the whole land. There is no mis-  
sionary ground in the world more important  
than that afforded by the masses of our cities,  
and no missionary field where the successful  
evangelization of it will produce wider effects,  
than among the miscellaneous populations of our  
largest cities.

Building cheap and free churches among  
them will not elevate and save them. There  
are a half-dozen almost vacant church edifices  
in portions of Boston, in the very centre of this  
population; but they do not attract the  
crowds with their open doors and free  
pews. This people will not come to the Church;  
in some way the Church must be carried to  
them. The Catholic Church has, in connection  
with all its principal houses of worship, a clerical  
family—a body of religious men devoted  
to the various forms of pastoral service, who  
are constantly engaged in drawing the surround-  
ing population to the offices of the Church. There  
are Protestant men with special gifts for such  
work. They are not ordinary men; not of the  
class of which city missionaries are usually made.  
They are men like the present president of the  
Wesleyan Conference, of England, Mr. McAulay,  
one of the most successful city evangelists that  
the Wesleyans ever had in London, but a man  
who equally honors his Church at the head  
of its ecclesiastical senate.

The work cannot be done by a small  
annual sum doled out in dribbles; it must be  
the best gifts in the whole connection, sus-  
tained by as generous salaries as the average  
of city pulpits, must be sent out into these  
fields, and must be supported ably by lay as-  
sistants, both men and women. It will cer-  
tainly bring to the Church and to the world as  
ample and vital returns as any mission service  
on the globe. And such men must be kept in  
these fields as long as their usefulness and  
success are apparent.

All the city congregations are in many  
aspects peculiar. They are changing. The  
residences of the people are not permanent.  
The old are removing, and new families  
are entering into their places. City ministers  
should be so well known as to attract these  
strangers and fasten them to the Church, as  
Father Taylor did almost every sailor that  
entered the harbor. City audiences are also  
constantly listening to sensational addresses from  
the platform, and are solicited on every hand  
by appeals to the fancy and imagination to  
wander from one house of worship to another,  
and from the temple of God to the platform  
of free discussion. A strong, persuasive talent  
is requisite to gather and hold a congregation under

these circumstances; to preserve the young  
people from wandering away into error and  
doubt, and to continue positive aggressions upon the constantly  
encroaching dominion of worldliness and  
evil, which are always dominant in the city.

The city needs the rarest variety of talent,  
and should have it. The country should neither  
be envious nor jealous of the city, but offer its  
sympathies, prayers and substance for the sus-  
tention of municipal evangelism. It is a  
very happy Providence when such a man as  
Dr. Parker of London is found, who can call the  
merchants from their banks and boards at 12  
o'clock, meridian, to crowd his church for an  
hour, in every business day; or when such a  
man as Rev. Mr. Cook can gather such an  
audience as he does once a week, at noon of a  
Monday, to listen to his tremendous refutation  
of the materialistic generalizations of scientists  
with their own weapons. Rich men, indeed,  
need the same Gospel as poor men, and there  
is only one Name given under heaven by which  
we can be saved; but it is not every man that  
will reach this class and summon them from their  
comfortable homes to hear the pure truth. If  
God sends such a man, let him preach to them  
as long as he can reach their hearts and induce  
them to consecrate the talent of money and their  
business power to the Lord.

The strength of a Church is involuntarily  
measured by its metropolitan pulpits. Strangers  
expect to find in New York and Boston not  
simply imposing piles of stone and brick, but  
crowded congregations, in both cities the Meth-  
odists have built up large suburban churches.  
Taking a radius of ten miles, the numerical  
increase of the membership has been very en-  
couraging; but our city churches, many of them,  
present an appalling array of unoccupied pews.  
The effect of such a sight upon new families  
coming from the country, upon young people  
just beginning to feel the tides of influence around  
them, can be readily appreciated. If there are  
within the broad limits of our Church, gifts,  
physical, social, intellectual and moral, that can  
reach the movable multitudes, these men ought  
to be obtained and set at work. Our Presby-  
terian and Congregational brethren have rare  
and eloquent preachers in their ranks, but they  
do not hesitate to send to Great Britain when they  
hear of one of peculiar address capable of  
meeting this municipal exigency. Of one who  
has been called to an important pulpit, we learn  
that he is not esteemed to be a profound scholar or  
a great divine; his ministerial brethren (per-  
haps, we do the same on this side of the water)  
underestimate the value of his popular gifts. But,  
doubtless, if he accepts the call and comes, he  
will crowd the now lonesome walls of the beau-  
tiful church edifice where he is to minister. We  
have known a young man of good presence, of fine  
voice, and of magnetic manner, who did not  
meet with any marked success in a country  
station, who now has the largest and most en-  
thusiastic audience in one of our large cities,  
and what is better, has a constant revival of  
religion. When such a candle finds its providen-  
tial candlestick, it ought not to be rudely re-  
moved. We cannot, for a moment, admit that  
Methodism is not equal to the necessities which  
she creates in her evangelical work, even in cities.  
Her modes have thus far kept pace with her  
means. She works with Amos the herdsman, and  
Isaiah of royal blood; with Peter from his  
nets and Paul from the feet of Gamaliel. We  
can scour the country like a skirmishing host,  
and with God's blessing can "hold the fort." Without  
any severe strain upon our admirable itinerancy,  
by simply annual appointments, every preacher  
can be placed in his appropriate pulpit, and every  
pulpit can have just the preacher it needs,  
and as long as Providence indicates.

## MAN'S CAPACITY FOR VARIATION.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESENT.  
A prime distinction between man and the  
lower orders of animal life, is his capacity for  
variation; or, to use a Herbert Spencerian phrase,  
"the differentiation of varieties" in the human  
species. This capacity increases as we proceed  
from the lower to the higher forms of life, and  
attains its utmost development and complexity  
in man, the flower and crown of creation. A  
wolf is much the same creature wherever you  
may find him; a bear retains summarily the same  
characteristics, whether he be black, white, or  
grizzly, Russian, Swiss, or American; but among  
the lowest of human tribes we observe not only a  
marked physical variation—as that between the  
Hottentot, Bushman and the Mongolian—but  
equally marked distinctions of character. The  
Sioux are warlike; the Todas of India are  
peaceful, never going to war; the Papuan has  
an inherent taste for certain forms of art; the  
Patagonian is as rude and insensitive as his  
associated brutes. This mental and moral vari-  
ation of man has been classified by the eminent  
"biological" philosopher of our day into the  
simple, compound, double and triple-compound,  
as evinced in societies; and the subdivisions could  
probably be multiplied. The prime fact, however,  
for consideration is that "there is a spirit in  
man" capable of an almost immeasurably varied  
development. The irrefragable inference upon  
our knowledge of the species is, that the first  
and each succeeding people, historic or unhistoric,  
must have had its peculiar spirit or character—its  
special characteristics. From the simple ten-  
dency of the primeval man to provide for  
himself and his kind, and to make defence  
against invaders—a tendency common to all  
animals—to what we

now term the spirit of a nation or of an  
age, the advance is immense. It is, in fact,  
the rationale and the summary of all history.

The earliest spirit of nations is readily  
discerned. The idea of God, always entrusted  
to some particular race, as to the children of  
Adam, Noah and Eber, gave rise to the idea of  
power. In the first historic nations, therefore, the  
supremacy of the ruler, the subjection of the  
ruled, was the dominant thought expressed by  
their existence. Yet if we consider the variations  
of art that characterized these nations severally,  
and the commercial, colonizing tendency of  
Phœnicia, we discover that these early societies  
were compound. More complex were the ten-  
dencies in Hellas, where liberty and the æsthetic  
development of intellect gave direction to the  
national mind; more complex still were they in  
the Roman State, where the idea of dominion by  
arms and by law asserted itself over all others.  
Amid the cataclysms and confusions of the  
Middle Ages, "in art, in nature, and the schools,"  
we still discern the development of liberty in the  
structure of the feudal system. We discern, too,  
a new evolution—Christianity. With the Reformation  
all Christendom was quickened by a vital spirit,  
an arousing of the world's intellect and heart—an  
arousing felt to the remotest confines of the earth.

If we bear in mind that along with these  
wider manifestations, every individual, every family,  
community, town, city, province and State has  
ever evinced a character peculiar to itself, we shall  
perceive that this "differentiation of varieties,"  
like a spring among lonely mountains, may be  
traced with its adjacent water-sources to their  
lake, thence to the broadening river with all its  
tributaries, in itself the symbol and the fact of  
extension, and of enriching bounteous life until  
it widens to the open sea. Precisely what is the  
spirit of the present age, we may not discern.  
An æon is too vast to admit of immediate, inclusive  
survey. Perspective is needed to render its  
outlines clear. Hence the scholar of the future,  
looking back through the vista of some centuries,  
will discover its drift more readily than can we  
who are in and of it. Yet certain salient features  
of his vision we may venture to descry. In the  
province of labor, for instance, he will discern a  
distinctive and marvelous feature of the age; for,  
whereas a century ago useful inventions were  
scarce, were regarded as novelties, and were but  
a few grades removed from mere implements, it  
has come to pass that every department of  
physical labor has been modified by the use of  
ingenious and elaborate machinery. He will also  
discern an extraordinary activity throughout the  
realm of thought, with powerful and special  
bearings in the direction of the physical sciences;  
and attendant on this latter development some  
fluctuation in belief, resulting, however, in no  
serious eclipse. The limitations that men willfully  
set for themselves produce such fluctuations  
periodically; but the world has passed through  
too many of these phases of irrationalism—  
rationalism, so-called—to forget their futility,  
or the certain reaction of humanity toward the  
faith that is its only stay, its one immortal hope.  
He will also discern what is not so evident  
to us in the dust and dimness of the present—  
some definite accomplishment as the result of  
modern humanitarian effort, some elucidation  
of the problems of civilization.

In truth, these problems press us at every  
turn in the active life of to-day and tax the  
faith of the most hopeful of Christian workers.  
To a young man who contemplates the allotment  
of labor assigned to him in some spot of the  
teeming world, the condition of millions of  
his fellows, and the mournfully inadequate  
efforts made to improve it, are a continued  
cause of disheartening. The immense amount  
of unrelieved, apparently irremediable suffering  
evident in all inhabited regions; the fact that  
a majority of the souls in the great centres  
of the power of this machinery that is the  
offspring and the pride of the age, are as  
ignorant as, sometimes more depraved than,  
the souls of savages; that in many of the  
most enlightened communities, actual barbarism  
prevails; that the barriers of caste are set  
against the outflowing of human recognition;  
in a word, that the social and moral state of  
the foremost nations exhibits such appalling  
disproportions in civilization and religion after  
six thousand years of history, and two thousand  
of Christianity—these realities depress the  
spirit and benumb the brain. Their magnitude  
has the effect of an excess of stimulant, in that  
it enervates the courage and impairs the purpose  
of the will. Some further consideration of these  
evils we defer to a later day.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

You will wonder what has become of me.  
The fact is, that a somewhat lengthy holiday  
in France, and plenty of the employment usual  
on foreign tours, has interfered with the regu-  
larity of my correspondence. In resuming  
that correspondence, I think I will make the  
deeply-interesting country in question my  
chief topic.

It scarcely comes within the province  
of a traveler of my sort to learn much of the  
political situation in a foreign country. As a  
rule, Englishmen are not very expert in foreign  
politics. Perhaps, however, we understand them  
about as well as foreigners understand English  
politics—which is not saying much. The French  
journalists, especially, are great in manufac-  
turing *opinions* on such subjects; and especially  
in creating imaginary peers, barons, and so  
forth, with names impossible to English concep-  
tions. Be that as it may, the game of

politics in France does not lie exactly on the surface; and the combinations, complications and dissolving views arising out of the minute subdivision of political factions, make French politics especially puzzling. On the whole, it seemed to me that the Republic was getting itself, in spite of monarchical intrigues and clerical reaction, quietly and firmly consolidated. But very much seems to depend on the continued life, activity, and popularity of Marshal MacMahon. So long as he remains at the helm, no successful attempt seems likely to be made against republican institutions. He does not seem to be thought much of as a statesman; but he is the idol of the army, and is a loyal and honest man. Having frankly accepted the Republic as the manifest will of the country, he will abide by it, and make the best of it; and in this he will be supported by his present cabinet, and by the Chamber of Deputies. There seems to be some danger in the monarchical and clerical proclivities of the majority of the senate. That body has already vetoed one or two measures passed almost unanimously by the Chamber, and deemed to be of critical importance. Of course a frequent recurrence of collisions such as this would endanger the stability of existing institutions. The friends of "moral order"—which is a euphemism for monarchical institutions in the State, and Ultramontane usurpation and tyranny in the Church—are leaving no stone unturned to gain the ascendancy; and, if they succeed, will assuredly strangle the Republic. But the decisive declaration of the national will shown in the election of the Chamber; the fact that, as vacancies have since occurred, they have nearly all been filled up by moderate and constitutional republicans; and the recent municipal elections exhibiting the same phenomenon, indicate that the Republic is fast gaining a firm hold on public confidence; and, as under it men find increasing quiet and security—which they will do the longer it lasts—the balance of chances is evidently strongly in its favor.

There can be no doubt that priestly influence has greatly increased in France, and especially in Paris. And this, taken in connection with the fact that the Bishops generally, and a very large number of the clergy, are financial supporters of the present policy of the Vatican, is of ominous import. By means of Jesuitical adroitness and intrigue, the priesthood has especially acquired predominant influence and control in many of the most wealthy circles of Parisian society. The substitution of "direction" for "concession" is of fearful import. The latter was bad enough, and put a stupendous power into priestly hands. But it was by no means enough for hierarchical ambition; and now the family confessor—who, in the higher circles, is nearly always a Jesuit—is the keeper of the mistress's conscience in the most literal and minute sense. He absolutely knows all the secrets of her heart and of her home. Every minute incident and detail of daily life is revealed to him; and he is the despotic and generally unscrupulous director of every movement, even at the cost of the husband's security and tranquillity. Another serious, if not alarming fact, is the serious tampering with the army on the part of the Ultramontane clergy and their supporters. Large numbers of French officers have openly committed themselves to the cause of the Vatican. The most celebrated of these is the Count de Mun, who, besides being a brave soldier, is a most eloquent, violent, and fanatical preacher. Already the republican journals are crying aloud against this corruption of the soldiery with a view to employing it against the Republic. These things indicate that the present French constitution will not get itself firmly established without more than one perhaps violent struggle. The Orleansists are nowhere; but there is, especially on ecclesiastical questions, an evident understanding between the Legitimists and the Bonapartists; and the coalition is strong enough in the senate to cause much embarrassment. Nevertheless, I found moderate and sober-minded men generally agreeing that the Republic is at last having something like a fair chance, which certainly it has never previously had; and, on the whole, hope preponderated over apprehension and distrust.

There is very little to say in connection with French Methodism. It seems to me to be weak and discouraging. Whether any attempt to establish organic Methodism in France is likely to succeed, I very much doubt. Methodism has done immense good in France, but chiefly in the way of quickening the spiritual life of long-existing Protestant Churches. Multitudes who have been converted to God through Methodist instrumentality are to be found in the French Reformed and Free Protestant Churches; and many of the best ministers of these Churches received their first religious good and earliest spiritual training among us. But the strong sense of nationality makes them dislike connection with what appears to them to be a foreign and exotic institution; and accordingly they again and again transfer their allegiance to communities which are deemed to have an indigenous origin and claim. Our disciplinary system, too, is very imperfectly carried out among the French Methodists. In many instances, there is nothing corresponding to our founder's conception of "the United Societies." Indeed, our ministers in such instances are simply local chaplains, who fill Presbyterian pulpits vacant for want of funds to support a regular ministry. This state of things often causes much solicitude at the Mission House, and a year or two ago

a commission of inquiry was sent over, which gathered much painful but useful information, and presented an invaluable report, on whose principal suggestions it was resolved to act. I believe something decisive would have been done at the last English Conference, but for the reluctance of the French brethren to submit to a little British management and control, especially in the financial department. In certain parts of Paris, however, an encouraging educational work is in progress, under the vigorous and able direction of M. Hœar, the president of the French Conference.

YOUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT,  
London, Oct., 1876.

## Editorial Items.

Our city has enjoyed a rare opportunity of seeing and hearing the past week the able representatives of the various clerical orders, and of the leading laymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The third congress in this country, not a rubric but voluntary gathering, of which England has set the precedent, met in our city. The congress opened with a very impressive communion service in St. Paul's Church, and an address by Bishop Huntington, and the succeeding meetings, save the last, which was transferred on account of the growing crowd to Music Hall, were convened in Horticultural Hall. Bishop Paddock, of Massachusetts, presided. He has a fine voice, which he manages well. His reading of the prayers and hymns was remarkably distinct and graceful, and in this he was happily distinguished from many others of the speakers of the occasion.

The Episcopal dignitaries on the platform gave ample evidence of intelligence and culture, but were not more impressive in their physical than in their average selection of clergymen, from the seats, and would hardly compare favorably in this respect with the Methodist branch of the Episcopal Church. The object of the congress is to bring together the strong minds of the Church to discuss the great patent questions of the hour, both those relating to their own communion and to the Church universal, and also such public topics as, from their ethical character, call for the consideration of all Christian men. It was a little novel to find this somewhat exclusive denomination discussing openly the questions of politics and temperance, although in the treatment of the latter subject little sympathy was exhibited with the earnest workers in the front ranks of the movement at the present time. Many of the speakers were not simply conservative, but seemed to be rereading addresses that we used to hear, more than a quarter of a century ago. Dr. Tyler and Dr. Shattuck, however, told many stirring practical truths that were enough to awaken the most vigorous and radical efforts for the removal of the causes of drunkenness rather than to attempt to palliate the evil. Nothing was more manifest than the indirect influence of the withdrawal of the late Bishop Cummins and his following, and the establishment of the new Church. It has secured for the wing of the body called "low" or "broad" not simply a kindly hearing, but a generous forbearance and indulgence that has not heretofore marked the action of the other wing of the Church. Dr. McKim had no more ready hearing or pronounced applause than Dr. Washburn. Some of the discussions upon general topics, such as Christian art, the missionary theme, public education, the relation of Christian citizens to the politics of the land, free Churches, and Christian nurture and revivals, were admirable. The essays were elaborated and condensed with marked ability, and the prompt discussions were often very animated and instructive. We shall look with great interest for the published report of the congress, embodying all its papers and discussions.

We had another convention last week at the Beethoven Hall for the secularization of the Christian Sabbath. It was held under the auspices of the Free Religion Association. The enemies of the sanctity of the Sabbath exhibit the grace of perseverance to a remarkable degree, for their conventions have been kept up now for over a quarter of a century. And they have it all their own way. The friends of the Sabbath rarely intrude or disturb their iconoclastic work. We hardly see their object in their congresses. If they were more earnest about the Sabbath, we do not see how the rest of us can help it, although we are sorry enough for it, on their account. Do they desire to deprive those of us who prefer peacefully to worship God and keep His commandments of our inalienable rights? From the freedom with which our citizens enjoy their opportunities for recreation on the Lord's day, riding or boating, we can hardly see any special cause for a convention to break down the legal or social restraints. What more do they wish? How would our anti-Sabbatharians enjoy living in a community, where there was no regard for the Sabbath, but where stores and saloons were open, where military companies were marching with clanging music, and intemperance was running riot with the small earnings and physical strength of laboring men? Probably, the more thoughtful of these reformers would be the quiet sanctity of a Puritan Lord's day would be preferred "as a beverage." One of the lady "reformers" proposed that all our elections should occur on the Sabbath—which shows that the presence of woman will not always prove a purifying element in our politics.

Macaulay, the great historian and statesman, made a speech in 1833, in the British Parliament, from which we extract his remarks on the usefulness of the Sabbath. He says: "We are not poor, but richer, because we have, through many ages, rested from our labor one day in seven. That day is not lost. While industry is suspended, while the plough lies in the furrow, while the exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory, a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of nations as any process which is performed on more busy days. Man, the machine of machines, the machine compared with which all the contrivances of the Waits and the Arkwrights are worthless, is repairing and winding up, so that he returns to his labor on the Monday with clearer intellect, with livelier spirits, with renewed corporal vigor."

The Register notes this significant incident connected with the publishing house of our Roman Catholic neighbor. It says: "The *Pilot* revised the Post in political display. It had as big a flag with 'Tilden' and 'Hendricks' on it, and the exultant rooster upon its bulletin board was perched on Mr. Tilden's head. The *Congregationalist* and *Zion's Herald* did not indulge in flags, and it they had any partisan poultry they were kept out of sight."

Says a correspondent to Doctor...  
loved pleasant...  
many friends...  
the Herald...  
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"DEAR BROTHERS...  
genial to the...  
me too short...  
Literature...



Says a correspondent: "Having intimated to Doctor Newhall the great and unalloyed pleasure afforded his brethren and many friends by his late communication in the HERALD, and having withal ventured to express the opinion that the man who could turn off such genial, sparkling, soul-reviving paragraphs as those that are now so plentifully furnished to the HERALD, should have written to the full music and musty lore of ponderous commentaries; but should rather devote the same to 'literature, pure and simple,' in which field his brilliant and singularly gifted pen might yield, perhaps, what the world 'would not willingly let die,' the writer received from that honored and beloved brother the following characteristic note, worthy at once of his head and heart.

"Worcester, November, 1876.  
"DEAR BROTHER: I thank you for your genial and too appreciative note. Life is to me too short and too earnest to be given to 'literature, pure and simple,' which aims simply to give me pleasure. It is well enough to smell roses and catch butterflies on the way to church, or shop, or school, but we do not respect an *old-bodied* and *able-bodied* man who makes a business of it. So life looks to me, but I do not intend to reflect on men who see it differently. Our calling is the noblest in the world.  
"Yours in Christ,  
"F. H. NEWHALL."

Some of the speakers at the late Episcopal Congress, medical and clerical, contended that alcohol in the form of wine was a wholesome as well as refreshing beverage. The venerable Doctor George C. Shattuck, although himself moderately conservative on the question of the cure of intemperance, related an instance in his practice which had just occurred, showing the peril of such a view. A gentleman of property and culture, who had never allowed himself to be disgraced in liquor, but used his wines temperately, and had enjoyed apparently soundness of health, suddenly broke utterly down. No medical remedies could reach his case. He died in a few weeks, the functions of his liver and kidneys having been utterly destroyed by *intemperance*. The writer would lock himself into the upper story of the house and throw the key out of the window, and then he would struggle against the awful demon until blood gushed from his mouth; thus literally doing what the writer of the Hebrews said those he addressed had not done, resisting unto blood striving against sin.

The General Missionary Committee of the M. E. Church, which assembled in New York city last week, and is still in session as we go to press, is attended by eight of the Bishops (Bishops Haven and Andrews are absent—the one on his way to Africa, and the other in India), twelve delegates appointed by the General Conference, and a like number of the board of managers, and has under deliberation the most serious and weighty questions. The entire missionary work passes under review; the amounts needed for carrying on each station are carefully scrutinized and the appropriations made in accordance with a careful estimate of the expected aggregate contributions of the Church. We regret to learn that the committee felt compelled to reduce the total appropriation to \$500,000 for the coming year, with \$100,000 towards paying off the debt. A full report of the doings of the committee may be expected in our next issue.

We congratulate the editor and his publishers upon the appearance of the new magazine. The *National Repository* for January opens the new series in a very handsome manner. Its appearance is remarkably attractive. Paper, print and illustrations are good, and compare well with the established contemporaries already in the field. The literary papers of this number are varied, fresh, and of present and popular interest. The editor himself, Dr. Wise, our Rev. John Knox, Rev. W. W. Daniels, Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, and Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, with others, have contributed very readable papers. The illustrations are well done. The editorial miscellany is solid and instructive. A little more variety and vivacity in that department will doubtless be seen in succeeding numbers. The price is low enough for the character of the work—\$2 a year. Send an early order to J. P. Magee. We trust New England will give the new periodical a generous patronage.

All the Church papers seem to be indulging themselves and gratifying their patrons with new dresses. This time it is the *Western Advocate*. We have always noticed when we could afford ourselves the gratification of a new suit of clothes, that we were disposed to be a little more particular to have our life and conversation in harmony with our outward appearance. It is certainly seen as if new robes have proved a new inspiration to our Western brother. Everything is in harmony, making a handsome and very entertaining and instructive paper.

"You Ask I'll Tell!" is the quaint enough title that, at first sight, might suggest a somewhat superficial book; but it is really a very serviceable, and apparently reliable, encyclopedia of domestic necessities. Almost every exigency arising in the family, relating to food, health, sickness, accidents, domestic remedies, to cooking, to the simple principles of law, and to the common canons of etiquette, is here treated upon in a very concise and satisfactory manner. It forms an 8vo of 450 pp., price \$2.00. It is published by Flint & Co., Philadelphia, but the indefatigable Thompsonville, Conn., book agent, Horace King, is its publisher for New England, and is placing it in the hands of friendly hand-book.

In answer to the conundrum on the tobacco question in the ZION'S HERALD of Nov. 10th, I would like to say: What we do to support the Gospel we do as unto God, and not unto men. It is our duty to do all we can to support the Gospel, irrespective of how it is used. Our allegiance is to God, and not to the minister. If he uses the money improperly, it is no concern of ours. To his own Master he standeth or falleth. It may be when Christ reckoneth with His servants, He will say to the poor man, Well done, thou hast been faithful over a very little; and to the other, Thou hast wasted thy Lord's money.

Mr. Frank F. Jewett, son of the well-known lecturer, Dr. Charles Jewett, has received the appointment of Professor of Chemistry in the Imperial University of Tokyo, Japan. He will start for that distant quarter of the world Jan. 1st, 1877, from San Francisco. The appointment was

made, as we are informed, on the recommendation of President Porter, of Yale College.

Mr. B. B. Russell, of 55 Cornhill, has issued a new illustrated edition of Dr. John S. C. Abbott's *History of Christianity*. It forms a duodecimo volume of 500 pages. It is the best compendium of Church history, from the birth of our Lord to modern times, that we have examined. Its style is vivacious, as are all the books of this author, whose earthly work, we suppose, is about finished, but whose vision was already been filled with the glories of heaven. It is an excellent manual for a Bible class, and should be found in every teacher's library.

Music Hall was filled on Friday afternoon, on the occasion of the quarterly concert by the pupils of the New England Conservatory of Music. The exercises consisted of piano-forte and vocal selections, and performances on the organ by advanced pupils of the Conservatory and of the Boston University College of Music, and the several parts were rendered in a manner most creditable to the participants and the institution they represented. The winter term of the Conservatory begins Nov. 27.

The success of the publishers, Messrs H. O. Houghton & Co., in meeting the appreciation of the subscribers to the *Atlantic*, by their fine head of Henry W. Longfellow, last year, for which they charged only \$1 additional to the subscription price of the periodical, has induced them to issue a companion volume of *Atlantic*. It is a wonderful picture, an excellent portrait, and an ideal head. Mr. J. E. Baker, the artist of both, has certainly met with remarkable success in placing these notable faces upon stone. In both instances the likenesses are perfect, and the pictures, themselves, are very finely executed. For \$5 the *Atlantic* for a year and one of these noble heads will be forwarded to subscribers.

We are indebted to Col. C. D. Wright, chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor, for a copy of the first volume of the Census of Massachusetts, vol. 1, giving statistics of population and of social facts. Almost every question relative to birth, nation, social condition, economy, occupation, defective and criminal persons, is here answered in authentic figures. A general and special introduction, showing the character of the work, and presenting certain important generalizations, adds much to the value of the volume. Other volumes will soon appear.

Owing to illness ex-Gov. Wm. Claflin is obliged to postpone his lecture in the regular course at Lowell Seminary. Dr. Mary J. Safford Blake, of Boston, will take his place, lecturing to the young women and friends on "Physical Culture," at 7.30 p. m., Wednesday, Nov. 22—a good opportunity for citizens of Newton to hear Dr. Blake on her favorite theme.

The brief tabulated statement of Dr. Rust in our Church Register of this issue is of great importance to the New England Churches, and will, we trust, receive the attention it deserves. The Freedmen's Aid Society is accomplishing a noble work, and our ministerial brethren should press its claims strongly.

Mr. A. N. Hardy, a photographic artist of our city has been employed, this year, by the graduating class of Wesleyan, at Middletown, to prepare their pictures. They have made a capital selection, and will have, for their albums, a series of the best executed portraits and pictures of scenery that has ever been carried away from the college.

Rev. T. W. Smith, a supernumerary preacher of the Methodist Church of Canada, now residing in Windsor, N. S., has been making a short visit in the States. He made a pleasant call at our office last week.

Our brethren will notice the letter of Rev. W. J. Parkins, in our Church columns, relative to the dedication at Shelburne Falls.

A lecture will be given at the Tremont Street M. E. Church, Monday evening, December 4, by Rev. L. T. Townsend—the proceeds to go to the W. F. M. Society. Particulars hereafter.

### THE WEEK.

The total receipts at the Centennial Exhibition from all sources amounted to \$4,308,735.25. Despatches from Europe announce the serious illness of Pope Pius IX. It is stated that his death is looked for at any moment. The news from the East continues warlike. Russia and Turkey keep up their preparations for the approaching struggle, and even England is making provision for any emergency which may arise. The London *Financial* states that the British cabinet has decided, in the event of the invasion of Turkey by Russia, to occupy Constantinople with troops and defend the city against all comers. The London *Times*, however, is sanguine that peace in Europe will not seriously be disturbed. The court of commissioners of Alabama claims has adjourned until the thirteenth of December. About ten miles from Cincinnati Saturday night a wagon containing 36 people tumbled over a precipice 25 feet high; several of the party were fatally injured.

George Richardson & Son, straw goods manufacturers, and Andrews & Sanford, millinery goods, of New York, have suspended; liabilities, \$100,000 in each case. The monument to be placed over the grave of Morace Greeley is to be unveiled on the 4th of December. The floor of Moore's Opera House in Sacramento, Cal., which is built over a stable, gave way on Saturday night. Five persons were killed and one hundred wounded. Later and fuller details of the terrible cyclone in India, Oct. 31, give an appalling view of the terrible disaster. Three large islands were entirely submerged by the great storm wave, as was also the main land for five or six miles. These islands are in the river, Megna, and the population is dense. It is stated that 120,000 (some accounts say 200,000) people perished. The floor of a public hall in Perryville, N. Y., gave way last Friday evening and precipitated over fifty ladies and children twelve feet to the floor below. Several were seriously injured.

### Notes from the Churches.

**MASSACHUSETTS.**  
Taunton.—At the First M. E. Church, November 5th, the pastor, Angelo Canoli, received sixteen adults into full membership. This additional reception was an occasion of great interest and impressiveness. A number of persons have recently changed their denominational relations and united with this society. The large Sabbath-school is still prospering under its efficient superintendent, Brother C. H. Lincoln. The congregation, having last year paid their entire church debt, have recently repainted their edifice and improved the grounds. They have funds on hand for the further improvements contemplated, and, after completing these, expect to close the Conference year without a dollar of debt.

**SHELBOURNE FALLS.**—Mr. Editor: We shall dedicate our new church, (D. V.), Tuesday, November 28th. Dr. Upham will preach the dedication sermon at 2 p. m., and the Presiding Elder, Rev. G. Whitaker, will preach in the evening. All friends of Methodism, especially ministers, are cordially invited to be present, and we hope for the sake of the cause they will make an effort to be present with us. If friends cannot stop for the evening service, trains leaving late in the afternoon will enable them to reach their homes the same night. Let our Church, which makes such an effort to live after being so completely burned out, be encouraged by the presence of its friends on this occasion. Train leave and return to Boston the same day, in time for afternoon service.  
W. J. PARKINSON.

**Taunton.**—The New Bedford Standard reports the organization of the Methodist preachers of Taunton and vicinity into a ministerial association which will meet in the parlor of the First Church the first Monday in each month; Rev. Geo. H. Bates, president, and Rev. R. L. Brown, of Dighton, secretary.

### RHODE ISLAND.

The Providence District Ministerial Association met at Attleboro', Mass., Nov. 13-15, the Presiding Elder, Rev. G. W. Brewster, in the chair. A. Anderson preached Monday evening on "Bear ye one another's burdens." Papers were read on Tuesday by A. W. Kingsley and H. B. Cady on the "Future Home of the Saints." J. W. Willett presented a paper on Modifications of the Presiding Elder's Office, arguing in favor of fourteen districts in the Providence Conference, to be under the charge of so many pastors. The essay favored the fixing of the number of the districts by the Conference, and provoked discussion and opposition. Robert Clark presented a paper on Methodism of Pastoral Work. Much latitude was taken in the discussion following this essay, and pulpit advertising, sensational preaching, blackboard exercises, pastoral visiting and many other topics received due attention. Tuesday evening S. Leader preached on "Christ is all in all." Wednesday, S. F. Jones presented an essay on The Temptation of Christ, which gave rise to a thoughtful discussion. This was followed by a paper on "The effect of the liquor traffic on sober and industrious people," by J. H. Sherman. The figures of this paper were startling, and temperance speakers will do well to press upon the attention of the people the pecuniary ruin alcohol is working in this nation. This closed the exercises of the association, whose winter meeting will be held in February. On the whole, the meeting was a good one. The hospitality of the Attleboro' friends and their attendance on the services were pleasant features of the gathering.

Rev. William Kellen has removed from Rehoboth, and taken up his residence in Boston.

Rev. W. J. Smith, of Little Compton, has been quite ill, but is now improving, and hopes soon to resume his labors. Services have been conducted during his sickness by Rev. Mrs. Walker.

At a meeting of the Board of Church Extension of Providence Conference, at Attleboro' on the 15th inst., the Church at South Abington, Mass., was recommended to the Parent Society for a loan of \$500 without interest. Dr. Tourjée made a strong plea for Block Island, creating much sympathy for that place. Brother Olthoff also presented the necessities of Mansfield, but as Westerns have a claim to the small amount the Board has for the Conference to present year, it was judged best to defer action upon these two places.

Resolutions highly complimentary to Rev. C. Nason as superintendent, and of Mrs. Nason as matron, of the Rhode Island Hospital were passed by the trustees of that institution on the occasion of the acceptance of their resignation.

The new church at Mansfield is rapidly approaching completion, and will be ready for dedication the latter part of December. The sermon will be preached by Bishop Foster.

### MAINE.

Bath.—The Beacon Street society are putting in the foundation for a parsonage on the lot adjoining the church. The house will be ready for occupancy early in the spring, and will be one of the finest locations within the bounds of the Conference. Great improvements have been made in the exterior and interior of their church during Brother Beane's pastorate. Brother Beane finds a large place in the hearts of his people, and all the interests of the Church are thriving under his faithful ministry.

We are having some tokens of God's favor at old Wesley Church. Our social meetings are seasons of precious interest; a few have been baptized of late, and on a recent Sabbath seven young ladies joined the Church from probation. Two of our aged members died a very pleasant death in "The Old Ladies' Home" of our city. The *Loyal Praying Band* are to be with us in a few days. We are expecting victory.

### VERMONT.

The work on the Springfield District opens well this fall. The Presiding Elder is giving his whole heart and energy to the work, and he has a good supply of both. He is constantly conducting four days' meetings, in connection with his quarterly meetings, preaching from ten to thirteen times each week. It is not quite apostolic for the first Presiding Elder.

The last quarterly meeting at Springfield was excellent. All the services were full and interesting; four were baptized, and twelve received in full membership. Brother D. Dorchester, Jr., is meeting with marked success—full congregations and packed prayer-meetings. Several are seeking Jesus.

Last winter's revival at Wardsboro' is bearing fruit. Brother Mackie is most hopeful, as he may well be. Fifty-nine have been received in probation, 32 baptized, and 41 in full membership. Wardsboro' is now a very desirable charge.

The four days' meeting at Barnard proved a great blessing to the Church. Brother T. Trevillian writes: "The good work goes right along. God is pouring streams of salvation upon us. The devil's kingdom is shaking. Praise the name of the Lord!" East Barnard is to have a four days' meeting, commencing January 7th.

As many as 125 have taken a decided stand for Christ at North Hartland; in several instances whole families have come to Jesus. Brother A. J. Hough is doing a blessed work for the Master.

At Green River, Brother H. K. Hastings is earnestly trying to save the people. Brother Buckley, of Wilmington, has assisted him in extra meetings. A four days' meeting was held there with great success. Sixteen or more were forward for prayers. Eighteen had been converted before the four days' meeting commenced.

A band of English Methodists, who are working in the copper mines at Vershire, hold meetings in the town of Ely, and are prospering finely. At every quarterly meeting for some time sinners have been forward for prayers. At the last one five sought the Lord.

Brother Cooper is in labors abundant on the St. Albans District, and a blessed work is prevailing more or less on the entire district. A revival of remarkable power is in progress at Grand Isle where Brother Wedgworth has been holding forth the Word of Life. Several laymen from St. Albans have been helping for two or three

weeks. Thirty or more have said, "Pray for me."

A good interest is also awakened at Alburgh, Brother N. W. Wilder, pastor. The "Gospel workers," as they are called, have also been rendering efficient service here.

Brother Cooper conducted a four days' meeting at St. Albans Bay last week, with good results. Several have commenced to serve the Lord.

We are happy, also, to report an unusual religious interest on the St. Johnsbury District, Brother W. R. Fuller, Presiding Elder.

Things are going well at Woodstock. Brother Boutwell is very faithful in personal effort. Some twelve or fifteen were forward for prayers at the last quarterly meeting, and the work goes on. The Church is being improved by a coat of paint.

At Glover the membership has been doubled during the pastorate of Brother L. Hill, who is in his fortieth year of continuous effective service, and who bids fair for "more to follow."

A revival is in progress at Albany, where Brother J. Morse, a supply, is doing effective service. Meetings are held nightly, and fifteen to twenty are constantly at the altar.

Walden is supplied this year by a man who until last spring had been an engineer on the Passumpsic railroad. A good work is cheering him in this first year of his ministry. May God abundantly bless Brother Burnham!

At South Walden Brother Charles H. Walter, of Wesleyan, class '76, is giving good satisfaction. Two persons were baptized at the last quarterly meeting.

Seven persons have been baptized at Danville during the quarter, and six received into the Church in full membership. Brother Wheeler is happy in his work, and the people are happy in him.

A good interest has prevailed in Jay all the season. Brother Evans, the supply, has received some fifty on probation.

**GENERAL METHODIST ITEMS.**  
Eleven conferences of the Methodist Protestant Church have concurred in calling a general convention for 1877, to consummate a union with the Methodist Church. Both of these bodies are small non-episcopal Methodist branches, which were separated by the slavery question.

Rev. S. Lamb, a supernumerary member of the North Indians Conference, died at Richmond, Indiana, on the 8th inst. He was licensed to preach in July, 1849, and served two terms as Presiding Elder.

Miss Jones, of Ohio, accompanies Rev. Dr. T. J. Scott as a missionary to India, under the auspices of the W. F. M. Society of the M. E. Church.

A project has been started to secure a James Memorial Professorship in Drew Theological Seminary, by the preachers in New Jersey, and New York, and New York East Conferences.

The Normal Class, after the first of January, 1877, will be issued quarterly, instead of monthly, at the reduced price of fifty cents per year.

According to the report of Rev. Otis Gibson, in charge of our Chinese work on the Pacific coast, the Chinese statistics are as follows: Full members, 38; probationers, 10; assistant preachers, 2.

It is reported that the Bishops have arranged that Bishop Harris shall reside in New York, and Bishop Merrill in Chicago.

The anniversary of the Freedmen's Aid Society will be held Dec. 11th, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Addresses will be made by Rev. I. G. Bidwell and Bishops Wiley and Bowman.

A determined effort has been put forth to have a resident Bishop on the Pacific Coast. The one hundred and tenth anniversary of the first Methodist church in America, the John Street church, New York, was celebrated Oct. 23rd by Rev. Dr. J. M. Reid preaching an appropriate historical sermon on the occasion.

Rev. H. C. Tilton, of Wisconsin, recently transferred to Rock River Conference, has located.

Rev. C. B. Ward sailed from New York on the 4th inst. for India, to re-enforce the South India Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Bishop Brown, of the African Methodist Church, will go on an episcopal tour to Hayti.

Bishop Disney, of the African M. E. Church of Canada, has just dispatched Rev. J. H. Turpin and wife, and Rev. Joseph Miller and wife, as missionaries to Demarara, British Guiana.

Rev. Dr. Watson, pastor of Meridian Street Church, Indianapolis, has organized a league of children for religious instruction which meets every Saturday afternoon.

### OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

**CONGREGATIONAL.**  
It was sixty years, on the 31st of October, since Dr. Leonard Withington was installed pastor of the First Church in Newbury, of which he is still the senior pastor. He was then in his twenty-eighth year. Dr. Geo. H. Ide, recently of Hopkinton, was installed over the Central Church in Lawrence, Nov. 1.—Eleven Churches have been organized in Minnesota during the year ending Oct. 12.—A Congregational mission is now maintained on the coast of Labrador for the benefit of the shoremen and visiting American fishermen. Rev. S. R. Butler, of Northampton, Mass., is the missionary.—Rev. J. Cook has declined the call to New York city.—The Congregational churches of Windham County, Ct., are enjoying a revival. The Church in Chaplin has received 13; Putnam, 40; Thompson, 12; Wauregan, 20.

**EPISCOPAL.**  
Rev. Mr. McAllister, the rector of the Trinity church in Elizabeth, N. J., has commenced a revival among the tramps in an old barn near the Evergreen Cemetery, which has long been a resort for the fraternity. His strange congregation expressed pleasure at his first coming and earnestly requested him to come again.—The American Chapel (Episcopal) in Geneva, Switzerland, is so crowded with worshippers Sunday that it has been decided to build a new and larger church, which will be ready next July and will cost \$20,000. Rev. A. Mason, of New York, has accepted the rectorship.

**BAPTIST.**  
Rev. J. M. Haswell, D. D., an American Baptist missionary in Burma, is dead at the age of sixty-seven. He spent forty-one years of his life in mission work.—Five were added to the Baptist Church in Greenfield on the 6th inst., three by baptism and two by experience, making twenty-four who have united since the first of May.—The congregation is constantly increasing, and Pastor Sheparson and the Church are greatly encouraged.

**ROMAN CATHOLIC.**  
The new Roman Catholic Cathedral in Hartford, Conn., is to be the largest church edifice in New England; length 254 feet, width of transept 160, width of nave 96. [Church news crowded out will appear in our next.]

**Rev. Dr. Hill delivered a lecture on "Geometry in Politics" at the opening of the free lecture course by the Mechanic's Association, Monday evening, Nov. 13th.**

**Rev. Dr. Mark Trafton opened the Congress Street M. E. Church lecture course in Portland. Subject, "Social Standing of Women."**

**A sacred concert Sunday evening in the theatre is the way the devil worships the Lord in Portland.**

**Rev. Dr. Shafford, who has been pastor of the First Baptist Church in Portland for the last twenty-five years or more, has been relieved from labor for several weeks past on account of impaired health, but has resumed work. His Church has employed a singing master to instruct the Sunday-school in the art of singing, securing for all the children thorough instruction and drill in the rudiments of a musical education. Not a bad idea in Sunday-school policy.**

### EAST MAINE.

This is to certify that E. S. French, formerly a Methodist Episcopal minister on the Monticello circuit, has been expelled from the office of the ministry and membership in the Church, and the M. E. Church is no longer responsible for what he says and does.

E. A. GLIDDEN, Preacher in charge, Monticello, Nov. 10, 1876.

In my last item I mentioned that Rev. Mr. Butler had entered the field as an evangelist. He has left it, and accepted a call.

### CONNECTICUT.

**Rededication at Woodbury.**—Nearly three years ago, Rev. J. Vinton was sent to this charge, and God has greatly blessed his labors. Last winter he sent for Rev. E. Davies, evangelist of Reading, Mass., to assist in revival services, and the revival spread into all the Churches. About three hundred came forward for prayers, many of whom were converted, and have joined all the Churches in town. The M. E. Church was so much blessed that they resolved to enlarge their church, and they have just completed it, expending \$4,200, and making it all that they need for the next generation.

Nov. 8th it was rededicated to God by Rev. G. Hubble, Presiding Elder of the district, and former pastor. Rev. E. Davies preached morning and evening, and Rev. G. Hubble in the afternoon. The pastor took charge of the money matters, and most nobly did the tribute of their substance, till nearly the whole debt was cleared. Best of all, the pastor and E. Davies have held meetings ever since, and many souls have been converted or reclaimed. The work of holiness is going on among the people, and faith claims a mighty victory. Forty-four of last year's converts have been recommended to full membership and more are to follow.

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

**Gleanings.**—The Chestnut Street M. E. Church, Nashua, is undergoing repairs. The audience-room is to be frescoed, new carpets are to be put down, and other improvements made. It is proposed to incur no debt. With reference to these repairs, as well as other matters, there is perfect harmony in this society. A chicken dinner and supper was lately held, at which the goodly sum of \$70 was realized.

The Pearl Street Congregational, and Main Street M. E. Churches, of Nashua, were recently entered by burglars. At the former, some \$30 belonging to the Sunday-school, was appropriated, and at the latter a smaller sum. The communion service at the Methodist Church was examined, some wine drunk, and the vault where it is kept was considerably damaged, but the service was not taken.

On Sunday, November 5th, four persons were received into the M. E. Church of Dover, two of whom were prominent members of the reform club.

On the same day, there were baptisms, and six were added to the Church, at Main Street, Nashua, and several additions were made at the other churches.

Extensive repairs have been recently made upon the Universalist Church of Concord, and the dedication of the house will take place December 7th, Rev. Dr. Miner preaching.

G. W. Merriam, lately deceased, left \$1,000 to the Free Will Baptist Church of Manchester.

Rev. M. T. Cilly has received a circular proposing the calling of a Methodist State Convention for the promotion of holiness.

### VERMONT.

The work on the Springfield District opens well this fall. The Presiding Elder is giving his whole heart and energy to the work, and he has a good supply of both. He is constantly conducting four days' meetings, in connection with his quarterly meetings, preaching from ten to thirteen times each week. It is not quite apostolic for the first Presiding Elder.

The last quarterly meeting at Springfield was excellent. All the services were full and interesting; four were baptized, and twelve received in full membership. Brother D. Dorchester, Jr., is meeting with marked success—full congregations and packed prayer-meetings. Several are seeking Jesus.

Last winter's revival at Wardsboro' is bearing fruit. Brother Mackie is most hopeful, as he may well be. Fifty-nine have been received in probation, 32 baptized, and 41 in full membership. Wardsboro' is now a very desirable charge.

The four days' meeting at Barnard proved a great blessing to the Church. Brother T. Trevillian writes: "The good work goes right along. God is pouring streams of salvation upon us. The devil's kingdom is shaking. Praise the name of the Lord!" East Barnard is to have a four days' meeting, commencing January 7th.

As many as 125 have taken a decided stand for Christ at North Hartland; in several instances whole families have come to Jesus. Brother A. J. Hough is doing a blessed work for the Master.

At Green River, Brother H. K. Hastings is earnestly trying to save the people. Brother Buckley, of Wilmington, has assisted him in extra meetings. A four days' meeting was held there with great success. Sixteen or more were forward for prayers. Eighteen had been converted before the four days' meeting commenced.

A band of English Methodists, who are working in the copper mines at Vershire, hold meetings in the town of Ely, and are prospering finely. At every quarterly meeting for some time sinners have been forward for prayers. At the last one five sought the Lord.

Brother Cooper is in labors abundant on the St. Albans District, and a blessed work is prevailing more or less on the entire district. A revival of remarkable power is in progress at Grand Isle where Brother Wedgworth has been holding forth the Word of Life. Several laymen from St. Albans have been helping for two or three

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Properties for sale in Boston, and all suburban cities and towns.  
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### REMOVAL.

**THE EAGLE CLOTHING CO.**  
Opposite Corner  
WASHINGTON AND ESSEX STS.  
Palace Clothing Store,  
And the combined stocks, amounting to over  
\$200,000,  
Must be Reduced.  
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A special department for YOUTHS' and CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

Every price marked in plain figures and no Deception. Your Full Equivalent for every Dollar.

Every Garment of our own manufacture, and anything which does not suit May be Returned if Uninjured.

Come and see our new quarters.

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CORNER  
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**DURABILITY**  
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### OUR CLOTHING

Is Excelled by None!

### OVERCOATS,

\$5, \$7, \$10, \$12, \$15 and \$20.

### BUSINESS SUITS,

\$10, \$12, \$15, \$18 and \$20.

### PANTALOONS,

\$2, \$3.50, \$5, \$6, \$8 and \$10.

### BOYS' SUITS,

\$2, \$4, \$5, \$6, and \$8.

### BOYS' and CHILDREN'S

### Overcoats & Ulsters,

\$3, \$5, \$7, \$10 and \$12.

### A Careful Inspection of These

### WONDERFUL BARGAINS

IS DESIRED.

**GEO. H. LANE,**

31 & 32 Dock Square, BOSTON.

### The Chickering

### PIANO,

The Victor in all great



## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Fourth Quarter.

Sunday, December 3.  
Lesson X. Acts x, 34-48.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

## THE GENTILES RECEIVED.

Christ's religion is destined to be universal. The problems which the idolatrous faiths of the world present are soluble under the light of the Gospel only. The religion of Confucius is rooted in the broad life of a great empire, and has been exerting its power for more than twenty centuries. The religion of Buddha and Zoroaster likewise have come up through the ages, and have swept into their folds millions upon millions of our race. Christianity is now face to face with all these hoary systems of false religion. She goes forth in the power of her Author and Head, "conquering and to conquer." Prejudice, caste, false gods, heathen altars and temples must all yield to the supremacy of Christ. The Church is for the world, and the world is for Christ. Christ upon earth never crossed the boundaries of Israel to preach His redemption; but Christ ascended works by His Spirit among all nations, peoples and tongues, revealing His power even in the uttermost parts of the earth. "There is one Lord, one faith and one baptism;" and that "one Lord" Himself said, "There shall be one fold and one Shepherd."

One of the first results of Christ's new philosophy was the overthrow of caste, the reduction of all men to one level. It came with only one altar, one communion, one baptism, one cross, one high, one conversion, one sanctuary for all and low. Thus making men one in the presence of God, they began to be one in the presence of each other (David Swing).

Perceive that God is no respecter of persons. For the first time, Peter fully apprehended this truth as old as the Pentateuch; see Deut. x, 17. The vision, which in its import appealed only to his scruples in regard to unclean meats, he now saw in its broader meaning. God counts no soul unclean because born under other skies than Judea's; race, color, national conditions are not barriers to the grace of God's redemption.

In every nation. All peoples are God's, in a very true sense. Israel was the chosen people for ages, receiving period after period, His choicest and most partial tokens of tender love. But even the savage tribes of paganism are God's; His by creation, His to redeem.

He that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted. Peter is speaking of the admissibility of all men into the privileges and light of the new faith, Cornelius being an example of a devout seeker from the Gentile darkness. God will lead every reverent, searching man into the truth. The apostle does not say that the goodness of Gentile morality is as acceptable as a vital faith in Jesus Christ. He does not blunt the clear, sharp truth of the new dispensation, that Christ is the only Saviour, and that faith in Him is the only condition of salvation. But, God gladly accepts every man who is looking for light, and gives him more light.

All men who follow God's will as far as they know it, have no extraneous hindrance, such as unbelief, placed in their way to Christ, but are capable of being admitted into God's Church through Gentiles and as Gentiles (Alford). God will confer the blessings of His grace as readily upon the Gentile who desires to receive them, as upon the Jew. The righteousness and acceptance of which the apostle speaks are preparatory, that is, relative, and not absolute (Hackett).

The word which God sent, etc. This is a difficult sentence to construe, although the sense is evident. Alford takes this verse in connection with "I perceive," of v. 34. There is an emphasis in this rendering which gives it favor. Peter perceives a fresh meaning in the mission of Christ, sees Him as Lord of all men, not simply the Saviour of believing Jews. "He is Lord of all," is a parenthetical clause.

That word . . . which was published throughout all Judea, etc. The history, or fame, of Christ, Peter says to his auditors, "ye know." It is certainly very probable that from Galilee, Jesus nearest to Caesarea, the story of Jesus and His wonderful works had been published. Peter epitomizes the stages of progress in the kingdom of truth from the days of the wilderness preacher, John the Baptist.

Began from Galilee. The disciples were known as Galileans. Many of Christ's mighty works, and much of His preaching, were in this province.

God anointed Jesus. He was the true Messiah—the Anointed. At His baptism the dove—symbol of the descending Spirit—accompanied, as though bearing, the message from the Father, "This is my beloved Son."

The official life of Jesus began at the Jordan. At this threshold of His ministry the Spirit gave His unction. He had before been visited by this same Spirit, but not for the same end. The "power" which the Holy Spirit now communicated was undoubtedly that abiding might by which He spoke and wrought miracles.

Who went about doing good. This was His habit, His nature, His mission. His preaching had a solid background of practical goodness. Out of His own deeds came the brightest illustrations of the truth of His words.

"And so the Word had breath, and wrought with human hands the deed of deeds. In loveliness of perfect deeds, More strong than all poetic thought." Tennyson.

Satanic power were freed by this Liberator, who came to release all captives and prisoners from their bonds.

For God was with Him. "He in Me and I in Him" were the words of Jesus, by which He revealed that vital union between Himself and the Father. Sonship and Fatherhood flowed into each other—eternal currents of relation, love and power.

We are witnesses. Stier says truly that "all doctrinal announcements are thrown into the background of this speech, and the Person and Work and Office of Christ put forward as the sole subject of apostolic preaching." The divine facts, and human experience, and testimony to, those whose privilege it is to train and influence, it may be, the ruling minds of the next generation!

The short time weekly allotted to the Sunday-school is deplorable. Every teacher cannot but feel the necessity of crowding into the few short hours as much as possible of profit and instruction. How this may be done has become a great question among Sunday-school workers. The query has been answered in part, and a great existing need supplied by those who have given us the International Lessons, thus bringing the thought of hundreds of students throughout the world to bear upon the same subject, week after week. In the footnotes of these have come Normal Classes, Journals and pamphlets, explanatory, illustrative, and otherwise helpful to the teacher. Now arises the question, "How shall we make use of these in the preparation of the lesson, to the best profit of teacher and pupil?"

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Satisfied that home is the place, we pass to the time, for study. It should never, under any circumstances, be put off till Sunday, or even till Saturday night when too many, weary with the week's labor, sit down to a hasty perusal of the lesson. It is a work for God. Shall we give our first fresh hours to the world, and our weary, preoccupied moments to Him? And, too, time is necessary for the mind to work upon it, which it will do; whether we know it or not, the busy mental machinery of each work on noiselessly and ceaselessly, and the crystals of knowledge which we have thrown together are rounded into comeliness and harmony. The first of the week is the best time for the lesson, when we are less occupied by distracting cares and responsibilities. Then while our hands are busy and our hearts interested in daily duties, it will be taking deeper hold upon our minds. We may find opportunity to test and exemplify its teachings in our daily living, and our labor will be better performed for having removed that which too often stands a bugbear in our path. We may plead want of time and opportunity in these busy first days, but "where there's a will there's a way." An over-powering interest in his work, a willingness to overcome the difficulties in the way, is the first requisite of a good teacher; and there are difficulties to be overcome and sacrifices to be made. A Sunday-school teacher's mission is not play; we have devoted ourselves to the Master's service, not to the enjoyment of His blessings alone. Shall we falter when we remember His gracious words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto Me?"

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The time when and the place where should be clearly understood and firmly fixed in the mind. Then, our yet limited experience has taught us the best way to pursue is to take the Bible lesson itself; first as a whole, then in detail; sifting it, studying it; taking it word by word, sentence by sentence; knowing the meaning of every word, the situation of every person mentioned, the history of every person; finding every parallel passage; if reference is made to any Bible incident, making sure we are familiar with the facts and bearings of it, especially understanding the connecting link between this lesson and the last; in short, being ready to answer any question which might be asked by any one in the Sunday-school, from the infant class scholar to the superintendent.

After this is thoroughly done, printed questions may answer a good purpose—in fact, their only purpose. They may serve as a test of our study. We need to question ourselves before we question others; but we do not think any set of questions, however good, can take the place of this thorough, comprehensive study. At spare moments during the week, we can review our lesson in various ways. The four P's of Dr. Vincent may be used to prove that we are familiar with the persons, places, and parallel passages of the lesson; or his four D's, suggesting the dates, doings, doctrines and duties; or Dr. Wilkinson's comprehensive "When? Why? What of it?"

Lastly, let us never forget the personal application of the lesson to each class, to each individual scholar. This each teacher can only do for himself, and it is the most important part of the lesson. It is our aim to make of the children first Christians, afterwards, scholars. And this work must be thought over and laid out before going into the class. It is unsafe to trust to an inspiration at the hour of the lesson; if not prepared beforehand, our words of sympathy, help and encouragement, are too often left unsaid.

We do not deny that such a preparation as we have suggested requires time; but we believe that no person should enroll his name as a teacher unless he is able and willing to devote the necessary time to the work. Because it is a labor of love makes it all the more binding upon us; for should we not do more for love than for money?

We will not measure the responsibility of the Sunday-school teacher. It is not for the good of our class alone we are working; it is for the good of our school, of our country, of the Church, and of the world. God give us strength to go on bravely! and may the words of Santa Theresa be our encouragement:

"Let nothing disturb thee,  
Nothing afflict thee;  
All things are passing—  
God never changeth;  
Patient endurance  
Attaineth to all things."

## The Family.

## A BACKWOODS' PRAYER-MEETING.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"Would you like to go to meetin' to night," asked mine host, as we sat at the supper-table. "They're havin' a revival here, an' everybody turns out regular."

I answered that I would like to go. There is something about a revival which always has a peculiar fascination for me. An influence which I can never explain satisfactorily to myself—an influence which is entirely independent of religious interest in these seasons of recruiting for the Lord's army—draws me night after night. Perhaps it is the solemnity and awfully impressive earnestness which clings to the scene where human souls are struggling to get free from the fetters of sin, and come out of the old bondage into the liberty that is full and sweet.

## HOW TO STUDY THE LESSON.

BY HELEN CHASE STEELE.

The Sunday-school is to the Church what the common school system is to society in general. Both are preparatory. Habits of thought are formed; lessons of careful perseverance and plodding industry are learned; knowledge is acquired; moulded by precept and practice, ambitions are aroused and characters formed that are to determine the man. Before the desks of our public schools are our future statesmen, orators, reformers; in the seats of our Sunday-schools are our future ministers, class-leaders, missionaries. How great the responsibility of those whose privilege it is to train and influence, it may be, the ruling minds of the next generation!

The short time weekly allotted to the Sunday-school is deplorable. Every teacher cannot but feel the necessity of crowding into the few short hours as much as possible of profit and instruction. How this may be done has become a great question among Sunday-school workers. The query has been answered in part, and a great existing need supplied by those who have given us the International Lessons, thus bringing the thought of hundreds of students throughout the world to bear upon the same subject, week after week. In the footnotes of these have come Normal Classes, Journals and pamphlets, explanatory, illustrative, and otherwise helpful to the teacher. Now arises the question, "How shall we make use of these in the preparation of the lesson, to the best profit of teacher and pupil?"

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After this is thoroughly done, printed questions may answer a good purpose—in fact, their only purpose. They may serve as a test of our study. We need to question ourselves before we question others; but we do not think any set of questions, however good, can take the place of this thorough, comprehensive study. At spare moments during the week, we can review our lesson in various ways. The four P's of Dr. Vincent may be used to prove that we are familiar with the persons, places, and parallel passages of the lesson; or his four D's, suggesting the dates, doings, doctrines and duties; or Dr. Wilkinson's comprehensive "When? Why? What of it?"

Lastly, let us never forget the personal application of the lesson to each class, to each individual scholar. This each teacher can only do for himself, and it is the most important part of the lesson. It is our aim to make of the children first Christians, afterwards, scholars. And this work must be thought over and laid out before going into the class. It is unsafe to trust to an inspiration at the hour of the lesson; if not prepared beforehand, our words of sympathy, help and encouragement, are too often left unsaid.

We do not deny that such a preparation as we have suggested requires time; but we believe that no person should enroll his name as a teacher unless he is able and willing to devote the necessary time to the work. Because it is a labor of love makes it all the more binding upon us; for should we not do more for love than for money?

work, be benefited by the experience of others, and be strengthened and encouraged by words of our best thinkers and workers. To this end we have seen nothing so good as the *Sunday-School Times*. All who are familiar with it must agree that for its practical view of the questions most important to Sunday-school workers, and its admirable notes upon the lesson, it is unequalled.

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We will not measure the responsibility of the Sunday-school teacher. It is not for the good of our class alone we are working; it is for the good of our school, of our country, of the Church, and of the world. God give us strength to go on bravely! and may the words of Santa Theresa be our encouragement:

"Let nothing disturb thee,  
Nothing afflict thee;  
All things are passing—  
God never changeth;  
Patient endurance  
Attaineth to all things."

## The Family.

## A BACKWOODS' PRAYER-MEETING.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"Would you like to go to meetin' to night," asked mine host, as we sat at the supper-table. "They're havin' a revival here, an' everybody turns out regular."

I answered that I would like to go. There is something about a revival which always has a peculiar fascination for me. An influence which I can never explain satisfactorily to myself—an influence which is entirely independent of religious interest in these seasons of recruiting for the Lord's army—draws me night after night. Perhaps it is the solemnity and awfully impressive earnestness which clings to the scene where human souls are struggling to get free from the fetters of sin, and come out of the old bondage into the liberty that is full and sweet.

The school-house—this happened in the backwoods where churches have not yet been built—was quite full

when we reached it, but a seat was found for us, and I sat down to study the scene. Old men and women, and younger ones, and children, were there. I think, as a general thing, the whole family "turned out."

The meeting began with singing. The hymn chosen was that sublime one which has been sung so many times, and will be sung so many times in days to come, and never be worn out.

"Am I a soldier of the Cross?"

I find that this is a favorite everywhere in revivals, and is almost always sung to the same tune, "Cross and Crown," given in some books, I see, as "West-Corn Melody." The effect of this hymn, sung to that sweet and noble tune by a congregation of earnest men and women striving for the salvation of souls, is really grand. I have heard it used in worship in city churches, but to bring out its real grandeur and spirit you must hear it as they sing it in backwoods' revivals, or at camp-meeting when the singers seem to be borne along on a resistless tide of enthusiasm which seeks its expression in a natural, and, therefore, a really dramatic way.

After the hymn, there was prayer by one of the "fathers in Israel." It was homely in phrase, and lacked the grace of eloquence, but it was strong and earnest, and had a rude kind of sublimity in it which made me think of some old German chorals I had heard a week or two before. There was *soul* in it, and that touched a chord of sympathy in the hearts of those assembled.

After that there was singing again. This time it was—

"When I can read my title clear."

Have you ever thought how the most commonplace words, when sung to a tune that is full of really good music, take on a dignity they would never have by themselves? Sometimes, I think music is only our earthly, everyday language spiritualized and purified, and that in heaven we shall express our rapture in a language which is wordless, or which we would never consider so; but there it will be the mother-tongue of all, and the soul which has yearned in vain to express the rapture which has filled it many times, will no longer be dumb. I never admired the words of that hymn, but sung by the congregation in the peculiar, hearty, whole-souled fashion of backwoods' singing, there was something almost sublime about it.

After the hymn, an old soldier of the Cross exhorted. It was like the prayer which had preceded it; but the old man's heart was in what he said, and that gave his remarks a kind of eloquence which had a strong effect on the congregation.

At the conclusion of this exhortation, some one struck up,

"Oh, you shall wear a starry crown,  
Yes, you shall wear a starry crown,  
Yes, you shall wear a starry crown,  
In the New Jerusalem."

Then another got up and told something of his "experience." He had been backward in performing duty, but the Spirit had touched his heart with contrition, and he was determined to live more completely for God. He closed with an allusion to some dear friend who had recently crossed to the "other shore." When he sat down, the old man who seemed to be a sort of leader in the singing, began a verse of "Shall we gather at the river," and instantly every voice joined in. There was no such thing as keeping silent. Those who could not pray or exhort could sing.

After every prayer or exhortation, a verse was sung. If the interest flagged, they sang a hymn, and it always had an enlivening effect.

I heard some really eloquent things said there at that meeting in the frontier school-house, and very many touching things. I noticed that everybody's heart was warm with love and sympathy. Those who had not yet "come over to the Lord's side," gave evidence of tender hearts by the quick tear, and the sudden kindling of the eye. There is a freemasonry in religion which makes strangers seem like brothers. There were no strangers there. They were all brothers, by the grace of God.

Toward the close of the meeting, those who wished to become Christians, and desired the prayers of the religious, were requested to rise, while a hymn was being sung. The old leader began—

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy!" and ringing, earnest voices swelled the chorus until the strains were like stirring, martial music.

"Turn to the Lord and seek salvation," they sang, and the voices of the singers were like the sound of a trumpet, summoning to battle. They were enlisting recruits for the grand old army of God.

Before the hymn was ended, several persons rose for prayers. Then they sang—

"Tis done! the great transaction's done,  
I am the Lord's and He is mine!" and their singing now was like the mighty chant of victory. Sinners were coming home at last! You have been in such meetings, I know. Could you ever express the wild ecstasy which took possession of you? Could you ever explain it? I never could. I have discovered an enthusiasm which is similar in some of the wild, jubilant slave-songs the Jubilee Singers have sung for us. Those songs must have been born in a revival. They have caught and preserved something of the spirit of it, and they come nearer expressing my feelings, at such times, than any words of mine ever did.

I noticed particularly the musical features of this meeting, and I want to write them down here. They may

suggest something which will help some prayer-meeting out of its dull and spiritless condition. In the first place, the tunes were never lifeless, characterless ones. They were full of intense life and earnestness. In the second place, they were not "showy" tunes. They were tunes which could be sung expressively without having to think all the time about what you were doing, and how you were doing it. They were tunes which seemed to have made themselves; natural and spontaneous, they fitted the informal expression of earnest religious thought and feeling. They were exactly suited to the purpose and the place. The harmony, in itself, seemed to embody a devotional idea. The words, for the most part, were stirring, earnest ones—not our modern, sentimental, effeminate "religious songs," by any means. They were calculated to rouse and urge on. I think one grand element of power in our prayer-meetings is the music in them. Learn tender, earnest, loving hymns, with soul in them, and sing them in the true spirit, out of warm hearts, and I think they would have fewer dull and formidable prayer-meetings than we have at present.

## SAYING GRACE.

BY E. C. TULLOCK.

"O come, mamma, to the window!"

Said little Willie one day,

"Come quickly, and see my chickens,

Why do they drink this way?"

I hastened as he bade me,

To see the pretty sight

Of his little downy chickens,

Drinking with all their might.

On the edge of the pan of water

They were perching side by side,

And to drink the most and quickest,

Each with the other vied.

After each sip of water,

They raised their heads on high

To the heaven which bent above them—

"The beautiful, bright blue sky."

"See!" again exclaimed Willie,

With a sober look on his face,

"See them look up to heaven,

I think they are saying grace."

"They are thanking God for the water,

Just as pa does for our food,

Who could have bidden them do it?

Did you ever see chickens so good?"

I answered his eager questions,







